THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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INTO THY HANDS, O LORD!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CARRIE MYER.

O risen Lord, all glorified,
Beneath Thy wings of mercy hide
Our mortal weakness! Let us rest
In this sweet comfort ever blest,
In heaven a great High Priest have we
Who feels our deep infirmity.
Oh from our skies these shadows lift!
Lo, in the storm we wildly drift,
Bound in these spirit-wearying bands
We give ourselves into Thy hands.

Pass lightly o'er our sinfulness!
Deal gently with our waywardness!
Count us not aliens if we stray
Full often from the better way;
Deem us not traitors to our trust,
If blinded by the battle dust,
We faint and droop upon the field;
To Thee our loyal souls we yield,
While each worn warrior weary stands,
We give ourselves into Thy hands.

Oh turn aside the shafts we fear
From foemen ever lurking near!
Through all the depths of mortal pain,
Through woes with which we strive in vain,
O lead us onward tenderly
To Eden's calm security.
In faith, traversing vales of gloom,
Or trembling at the gates of doom,
Or sinking neath the desert sands,
We give ourselves into Thy hands.

With souls that still the impress bear
Of restless toil and marring care,
With hearts by sorrow burdened down,
With hands that grasp the fading crown
Of flowers that wreathe this earthly shore,
Yet hoping, praying evermore,
And trusting still, amid our tears
And vexing doubts and haunting fears,
To reach at last Love's higher lands,
We give ourselves into Thy hands.

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER X.

BARBARA'S HEADACHE.

Barbara was, as she had feared, quite ill after arranging Leonore's dress and seeing the whole party off for Riverbend. She went up to her own room with a drink of herb tea, declaring that her head ached so badly that she should not be able to move in the morning if she did not sleep it off.

Margery remarked in the kitchen, that it must be a wonderful pain, since no one had ever before heard Barbara complain so much of sickness; and Mollie, the housemaid, begged to be allowed to bathe her temples with aromatic vinegar, but Barbara said it was only quiet that she required. She would soon be quite well, when she had rested awhile.

It was some hours after this, and the house was very still, the upper part being almost deserted, and the servants gathering around Jean in the lower hall to hear the news of town and country, when some one with a cloak and hood on, stole noiselessly down the great stair-case, and ran like a cat through the side passage that opened through a French window on the balcony. If this were Barbara, she had certainly recovered from the pain that sent her tottering up to bed; now she moved with the ease and lightness of a girl, and closing the shutters behind her, sprang easily off the low porch, and hastened away to a little gate opening in the garden wall beyond.

A whole hour had passed before this same figure returned, breathless and panting with the speed it had made, and locking the gate, entered the house by the way it had gone.

The woman's hands trembled so much as she fumbled for the sliding bolt that fastened the casement in place, that a slight noise was occasioned in the jam of the frame. She seemed to make a strong effort at self-command, and catching the window frame steadied herself to listen if any movement in the lower part of the house should indicate that the sound had been heard.

Everything was silent, so she took courage and moved on. Stealing up the staircase, she heard the faint echo of laughter from the hall below, and Jean's shrill voice reciting some merry story to beguile the winter night. The wanderer paused, and feeling secure from detection, threw off the hood that screened her face. It was Barbara, flushed and excited, with no sign of ailing about her, but a sparkle of triumph in her usually dull eyes.

"I have kept my own counsel, and kept money from your hands to-night, Jean." She half uttered these words as she looked downward towards the place whence the sound of the peddler woman's voice came. "You would sell blood for gold, and I have not money enough to insure your truth to me. I must look to my own business, and it will be the better done."

She had gone far and fast, and was very weary, for when she reached her room she sank down to rest, still trembling, overcome with a strange feeling that was like an icy chill, and shook her in every nerve.

Suddenly she sprang up, and opening an oddly-fashioned chest, made of black walnut, and studded with little silver nails, she found it filled with old papers, dried rose leaves, and time-worn patterns. None of these was what she sought—but sliding a false bottom aside, she drew out a small picture of a gentleman, almost a youth in years, and held it to the light.

"He carries it well these long years," she said, "and seems far too young for the story he can tell. I have gone a long way for a silent look at you, my old love—and I can laugh to think I saw you a silly, heartless gallant still, without soul enough to bow to the rule of Time, and grow old as a man should. And this is what I gave my life for—" She held out the picture in her hand, with a bitter look, then flung it on the ground and contemptuously spat upon it. The action was like the ladies of Bagdad whipping the black dogs in the Arabian tale, for she immediately took it up and kissed it, and pressed it to her heart, murmuring—"No, no, it is not this, it is the *living man I hate*"—*then she put it away tenderly, and sat down and sighed, a long,* deep drawn and shuddering sigh.

Her head sank upon her breast, she seemed to go back again into another time, and lose the present. Her hands dropped idly in her lap—her eyes looked forward without seeing; a sad, unutterably sad expression gathered over her brooding features, and great round tears swelled and fell on her pale cheeks. She was bringing back those far-off days when she believed in love, and her tears fell for the girl who stole from old Paul Berryl's cottage to meet her lover on the Clementina's banks.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOODS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Louis came over to The Poplars in a penitential mood, after his fit of insubordinate perversity. Leonore was not in the drawing-room. Olivia was pleased and lovely, and he repented having thought her cold or dull. And this was the nature of the man; either he did not know himself, or he was without sufficient principle or character to guide his life. Sometimes he would awaken to a glow of feeling that surprised the slow pulses of his heart into action, and in the enthusiasm of the moment he would say, "I am beginning to live and be worthy of myself," but the spasm would die away, as all impulses will, and he would sneer over the ashes of the fire whose flame had warmed him into aspiration—and be idler, bitterer, and more ostentatiously listless than ever.

The winter wore on into spring. Sunshine and verdure brightened the old poplars, and tender young grass sprung up and clothed the earth under their gaunt shadows along the avenue. Miss Olivia Copeland hailed its coming joyfully, and laid aside the deepest shade of her six months' mourning in an enfranchised spirit. She saw that her future husband needed amusement, and shrank from dullness and gloom with a sort of frightened instinct. She was a practical girl, and entirely without the ability to idealize any subject. She felt that mourning was a necessary constraint, and had considered it inevitably proper to bear it. She likewise acknowledged gayety and bright dresses to be desirable, and gladly seized the allowable opportunity to turn in that direction. If it had been possible for her to have made Louis happier by any personal sacrifice, she would not have wavered or questioned the greatest; but she had no fanciful flights of glee, no pretty devices or changeful moods to delight or charm him with. She met him smilingly always, even when her heart ached, as it sometimes did, at his coldness or inexplicably listless freaks; she would not stoop to petty displeasure, but looked calm and gentle under many grievous male caprices. Silence was the only sign she ever gave of feeling—and that to her perverse lover was a new incentive to perversity.

Still Louis truly respected the mistress of The Poplars, and said and thought himself far beneath her in worth and nobility of soul; while Olivia, in her heart of hearts, adored him, faults and all, and never arraigned him, even in her secret thoughts, for the stings and aches he caused her.

But although so lenient towards his failings, she was strangely unjust to all his fancies or friendships. First and foremost of these, Mr. Raye had won her most unmitigated disapproval. He was fifteen good years older than Louis, she argued, and a purposeless pleasure hunter, with no true principles or honorable convictions. Generous—if reckless lavishness of what was not his own could be called so—gay and amiable as long as pleasure or excitement lasted—talented in devising entertainment for himself; and learned only in the knowledge of the world, its tricks and plottings, and the sinuous policy that guides adventurers. This was the summary she made in her own mind of the elegant gentleman in whose society her lover took delight, and fearing to annoy her future husband, she yet shrunk from him with ill concealed repugnance.

This Louis saw, and spoke of with displeasure.

"Mr. Raye is my friend, Olivia," he said. "I owe him and his good-natured wife a great deal in the way of hospitable attention, yet you choose to treat him with cool disdain, which he has not failed to remark."

"I am very sorry," said Olivia humbly. "I would not wish to be rude or disagreeable, but I cannot like Mr. Raye, indeed I cannot."

"Of course you have a reason for so strange a whim."

"It is not a whim, indeed, dear Louis. I would not for the world be so unjust. He—he is not a good man. I know it, and feel it."

"He may not bear a puritanical analysis; he is impulsive, and sometimes thoughtless, but, by Jove, he is a noble-hearted man. I know it, for he has been devotedly kind to me, and never failed to show it."

Olivia's cheeks colored a deep scarlet, she looked down and bit her lips nervously, but at length spoke as if determined to free her mind from a burden.

"*I do not think him kind to you, Louis, in fact I know that his influence is an evil* one. He is a man far older than you, yet his tastes are empty and frivolous, without a pure or elevated tone, or any lofty point of character."

She bit her lip, as if uncertain whether to go on, but added impulsively,

"He is married to a woman that he simply ignores, while he coolly uses the wealth she brought him in a squandering, senseless way, that worries and frightens the poor creature, whose uncomplaining devotion to the cause of her trouble is pitiable."

Miss Copeland had gone too far. The quiet occupant of the easy-chair at her side, who had begun the conversation more in idleness than interest, sprang up with a flushed face and indignant eyes—

"I begged you to tell me the grounds of your injustice to Raye," he said, "and you have made it plain with a vengeance. It is because he had the misfortune to marry an heiress, who tells you every day of your life that she courted him herself, and shows by her overpowering and irrepressible fondness the reason why the poor fellow refrains from paying her public attentions. I am glad to know how you measure a man who marries a woman of wealth."

She gave him a frightened, imploring look, as the sense in which he took her words flashed on her. She stretched out her hands beseechingly towards him, and in wordless entreaty clasped them together. Poor girl, she would have given him the riches of a whole world had it been hers, and never known a questioning thought; she did not once imagine the fact of her wealth weighed in his mind when he sought her, and she had not been conscious of its being so construed till he spoke. Fear, sorrow, and unmeasured devotion sealed her lips, but strengthened her heart; she could not utter a word, but she threw her arms around him and laid her head upon his breast, clasping him with all the love of her too partial soul.

It was the first evidence of such deep tenderness she had ever given him, for she was slow to display her passion. It wrought a swift revulsion in his impulsive heart.

"Olivia, my darling girl," he cried, "I have wronged you by such a thought. I am not worth your pure devotion, love, and I feel my place is at your feet."

She did not think so—she was proud of him, and content to take her fate with such glimpses of joy as his moments of fervor gave her.

Yet notwithstanding this, Olivia would not give up her strong dislike to Mr. Raye, whose conversations she declared were scraps of old plays strung together with a few sounding words of his own, and whose wit and spirits neither charmed her into subjection or admiration.

Her objection to his pretty namesake was as strong though unexpressed. She had never told any one the strange and unconquerable aversion and distrust she felt for this girl.

To see her sisters daily and hourly grow more and more controlled by her influence, to watch the witchery she held over the man that she loved best in all the world, was a galling chain on the neck of the mistress of The Poplars. She knew that she was completely at the mercy of a creature that she sometimes half doubted to be merely human, so strange and elfish were her sudden whims and phases of character. She had seen Louis dull, dreamy and silent, roused to gayety and the keenest interest by the presence of Leonore, and the magic of her voice and eye, and she was conscious, without confessing it clearly even to herself, that it was to the fancy that held Leonore in solitude and seclusion from society at The Poplars, that she owed her own sway over her lover's heart.

Heaven help her if the girl should ever wish to test her power, and measure it with the rightful owner's hold upon that fickle fancy.

There was something else that contributed towards Miss Copeland's uneasiness. It was Barbara, the housekeeper's, conduct. The woman seemed to have become suddenly metamorphosed into an incarnation of nervous timidity. Besides she was always ailing when most needed, and no one but Leonore seemed to know what to make of her.

The Rayes were settled in Stapleton now, and whatever her objections to the proprietor of the elegant little villa there, it was impossible not to be intimate with the confiding and affectionately disposed lady who drove over almost daily to tell Miss Copeland all about her hopes of bringing Uncle Stephen and dear Mr. Raye together amicably, and to ask dozens of questions about nothing, and advice about everything. Of course, Olivia had to ask them all to dinner, and Mrs. Wallace greatly approved of her going still further to cultivate the people whose society pleased her son. Now, Olivia needed Barbara's aid in all these things, and it seemed that a strange fatality seized the woman as a victim the moment a dinner party for the Rayes was mentioned. She would feel faint and shake as if affected with sudden palsy. Once when Margery the cook asked her to measure certain needful *spices, which she had always attended to be*fore, she cried out in a strange and most unusual voice,

"Don't ask me to mix food, or touch anything that is to be eaten, it is neither safe nor wise."

After this she shuddered a while as if she had been cold, and cried,

"No one should heed me, I feel as if I had a wasp in my brain with the dreadful headache I suffer from."

But it was called very strange and unaccountable behavior in so orderly a woman as Barbara, and there was a great deal of talk about it among the kitchen folks.

It was many, many years since she came to The Poplars, and no one had ever known her to be ailing in all that time, besides her sickness was of so odd a nature now, that Mollie said she thought her mind was touched as well as Jean's, and no wonder—they were both queer creatures, and not like common Christians in their ways.

Miss Leonore Raye, strange to tell, acted like an antidote to every ill the housekeeper could know. Her very presence would revive the fainting color in her changing face, and the sound of her voice would bring Barbara back from her chamber, where she had been sick for hours. Olivia spoke to Louis about it, but only once.

"You know I told you my aunt's favorite woman was acting as a sort of superintendent or housekeeper for me."

He did not remember, but supposed it quite probable that he had.

"She is a very odd woman. I scarcely knew how odd at first. Lately she has fits of abstraction that are like trances, then I will find her watching me so stealthily and covertly that I feel uncomfortable when I think of it. She is not well, I suppose, but she takes the most inconvenient time to give way to the attacks of headache she says she suffers from. Always when there is some pressing preparation for company, and I am too busy to supply her place. But what I want to mention is, that Miss Raye can restore her if she pleases, at least she has done so often by just coming into the room and speaking to her."

The listener woke into some interest in the recital the moment Miss Raye was named, and begged to know who Barbara might be, for he should sympathize with her strongly, as she and he both confessed allegiance to the same power. He spoke laughingly, but Olivia consulted him no more concerning her housekeeper's weaknesses; and so Spring found them all at The Poplars, and Mrs. Wallace told her friends confidentially that her son and Miss Copeland would be married just as soon as the year of mourning had gone by.

Leonore had grown a very recluse from even such society as chance and ceremony brought to call in the bright sunshiny mornings; she was moody and quiet, and acknowledged to her companions, Bertha and Adah, that she was dull and unhappy.

"I wish your sister would marry at once," she would say, fretfully. "Why do people drag out long engagements? They love each other, don't they?"

Adah and Bertha were not too shy or too simple-minded to escape womanly instincts. They did not much enjoy the prospect of their brother-in-law's rule, or admire his cool, assuming sort of manner, but they saw that he was a very handsome and stylish looking man, and they looked on Olivia as fortunate in finding so elegant a husband. Each of them no doubt treasured some bit of romance in their own mind about a lover that was to come one of these days, and watching their sister's choice with a view to their own future selections, they both arrived at some very thoughtful conclusions concerning him, which being rather heavy for their own keeping, they made haste to impart to Leonore.

"For you know," said Bertha, "we like to tell you every thing, and would feel very unhappy if you didn't trust in us too."

To this the confidante returned no other reply than a short laugh, and Adah proceeded to say that they had made up their minds that Louis did not admire Olivia as much as lovers in stories did, for they had noticed him go half asleep, yawning in her presence, beside calling his mother and her a couple of pitiless bores for bringing up the subject of country schools when the clergyman dined with them. Then he often went away laughing with the Grover girls, scarcely nodding good-night to Olivia, whom they had seen weeping silently when she thought no one near.

"And I think he is a dreadfully odd man, too," said Bertha, "for he pretended to be tired one evening when Olivia asked him to walk, and then bounds over the wall when he thought he heard you singing in the garden."

"Did he?" cried Leonore, "did he? Oh, tell me all about it—everything—but no—never, never name it to me again. It is wrong, wickedly and dangerously wrong to tell me such things as these. I must never hear them—and when you say that you would keep nothing from me, remember that confidence like this injures and insults your sister. I tell you nothing of my life, such as it has been, it is all my own. If I seem frank, I deceive you, and when I am cross, and frighten and worry you, take warning, my true nature shows itself, and you should not trust me."

"Oh, Leonore," said the sisters, "you like to appear strange and queer, that you may frighten us, but we know you, darling, and don't mind it."

After this Leonore secluded herself more carefully than ever when Miss Copeland received her lover, and she was so often silent and gloomy that the sisters grew uneasy, and longed for this dreary mood to pass away.

CHAPTER XII.

BARBARA LOSES HER SELF-CONTROL.

About these pleasant spring days Barbara made a pilgrimage to Wynhope. Not that she avowed that locality to be her destination, but when she asked Miss Copeland's permission to go, contented herself by explaining that she thought she had better see a physician in the city about the severe headaches from which she suffered so continually.

Jean had been at The Poplars and made a comfortable bargain with its mistress on the subject of some fine summer muslins that she so thoroughly understood selecting and retailing again. When she came to show the patterns of delicate India webs, Olivia summoned Miss Raye and her sisters to decide about the suitability of her own selections and to see Jean's stock, which might contain something to suit their own fancy. As soon as Leonore entered the housekeeper's room, when the peddler's stores were spread, she looked at Jean and then at the goods, and seemed to fall to thinking very earnestly.

Barbara came near her, as she always did, for even to touch the dress of this pretty girl seemed to give the quiet woman pleasure. Leonore looked at the laces and fine organdies without appearing to see them, and at the peculiarly marked face of the interested vender, with a puzzled expression that Barbara in her turn watched with keen eagerness.

"A white India muslin with a black shell figure wrought on it, like this one, would be pretty for you, dear," said Olivia, addressing her sister Adah. "Bertha might like this organdie with the convovulus, since it is her favorite flower."

"It is beautiful, ladies," cried Jean, "and suits you all on that account, but here is a striped India with a silver thread in it. Look at the dead brown leaves and violets, so real and velvet-like; see the tiny vine of jasmine in black—only three colors, black, white and purple, and the figures so perfect that they seemed designed for you four lovely wearers."

"I've seen you before," cried Leonore, suddenly pouncing on the woman, as if she meant to seize and hold her. "Oh, yes, I've seen you before, I'm sure."

"Seen me!" said Jean, in great amazement. "Well, what am I saying? Of course you have, my lovely lady, for I am sure I have wandered enough over town and country to be seen by thousands."

"No, I don't mean that, you know. I mean you remember me, and used to come to me often in the asylum. Don't you know?"

Of all the blank and utterly bewildered

faces possible, Jean's was the most so as she turned it towards the excited girl, who had come close to her side in speaking.

"You were dressed like a nun, and talked slowly and in a different tone, but it was you. I know it, although you look so amazed. You were there the day sister Ursula died, and she gave you the very band of jet you have on your neck now."

Jean made a hasty movement with her hand, as if to push the trinket out of sight, but then she caught herself and laughed.

"Well, sweet miss," she said merrily, "it is a good bit of news for me to know that any one looks like me. I have been poor, Crazy Jean so long, wandering alone over the world, that I did not know there was a mate for me anywhere. But, sweet lady, you are wrong in thinking I ever saw you—to forget you would be impossible, and I'm looking into your lovely eyes for the first time to-day."

Barbara gazed from one to the other with a face that grew paler every instant, till it seemed almost livid, and the gleaming of her eyes was like the glare of some savage beast. She breathed quickly and painfully, and suddenly caught Jean's arm in so tight a clutch that the peddler woman cried out sharply—

"What is it now, Barbara; are you mad; you're taken queer turns of late, and it's well that I have known you so many long years, or I should deem you to be fitter for a hospital than a fine lady's house."

"I have a weak head," said Barbara, slowly; she looked confused, and passed her hand over her forehead a few times, as if to scatter some perplexing thoughts. Then she fell back behind the startled ladies, who looked from one to the other inquiringly, without any being able to answer the other's questioning look.

Jean was perfectly at ease, and the only one of the roomful that seemed undisturbed by the incident.

"It's an odd world, isn't it," she said, laughing, "they call me crazy, because I try to turn a penny honestly by braving all weathers, and going abroad in it from place to place, with my wares; but here are quiet folk with fancies that could find no room in my head, though they say it was turned years ago."

"It is no fancy," said Leonore, doggedly. "I could tell you things that would make you acknowledge that—but—I know you to be the nun of the Asylum, and that is enough for me."

"You shall call me an abbess, sweet miss, and I'll not deny it. You are so beautiful, that you have a right to say as you will; but shall I not get you a robe, with these black and silver figures? It would become you rarely."

Leonore gave no reply, but leaned back against the oaken press behind her, with her arms folded, and followed Jean's movements with a penetrating look.

Miss Copeland was surprised, but she had made up her mind long ago that there was some secret about the girl, and decided that as her aunt had made her a co-heiress with them, they had no right to question further, or try to understand her past life. Therefore she strove to look as if she had dismissed the subject wholly from her mind, and gave her orders for such articles as she desired, in her usual voice and manner.

Her sisters were not happy in possessing such powers of self-control; they not only gazed wonderingly from one to the other, and asked, with their wide open eyes, what it all meant; but they began to question Leonore as soon as they reached their apartment, as to who the strange looking woman was, and how she came to be dressed like a nun; declaring that it was like a romance, and so nice and mysterious.

To all this their companion vouchedsafed one short reply. It was given coldly and decidedly, but without anger.

"I have nothing to tell that anyone would be the better for hearing—and am not romantic enough to weave a story out of a little incident that concerns only myself."

The twin-sisters were not sufficiently bold to press their curiosity further, and there it rested.

If they had been listeners or given to prying, they might have peeped through the window that looked out of the rounded wing where their little sitting-room was, into the long French casements opposite, belonging to Leonore's bedroom. Standing in the shadow of their own light curtains, in the early Spring weather, they could have heard voices there; but Adah and Bertha were content to hear what was meant for them to know, and never troubled themselves thinking deeply.

It was Barbara and their favorite who spoke together. Leonore was lying on a low couch by the window, and the housekeeper approaching her tenderly yet timidly, begged to know if she were ailing, and said humbly,

"Please, Miss Raye, let me wait on you. I am skilled in sickness—and if your head aches, I know half a dozen remedies I could try to help it."

"I am not sick, Barbara," Leonore said; and she roused herself and sat upright; "but I am angry with myself—and I had rather quarrel with any one else. It's so unsatisfactory. Were you ever angry with yourself, Barbara?"

"I was—I have been—but I have learned to beware of myself, and pick no quarrels. It is with the past we fall out, and I never look back at mine."

"You are a strange woman, Barbara. Why do you fancy me—for I suppose you do, since you seek me out and try to serve me."

The woman drew near, and made as though she would have touched the young lady with her outstretched hand.

"I am drawn to you, miss—it is beyond my power to explain or resist the attraction."

The young girl looked down upon the carpet at her feet, and fell to musing. Her face was thoughtful, but entirely free from any evidence that the housekeeper's devotion pleased her.

"It seems strange," she said, thoughtfully, "it seems very strange, that I, who am rather repelled than drawn towards people, should have the power to win the fancy of any one, least of all you, Barbara."

"Do you ever wish to learn the secret of gaining love, Miss Leonore."

"Why should I," said the little beauty, laughing lightly, "since, as you assure me, I have gained it unsought."

"No, not love—it is scarcely love to feel towards another as I do towards you. You charm and delight people, fascinate them beyond the power of their reason to resist; but I do not think you often awaken love, because you do not feel it yourself."

Leonore looked at the philosophizing housekeeper wonderingly at first, but then her face took an expression of annoyance and petulant displeasure.

"You are a bold person to assume such a tone to me," she said, tartly. "I do not care to have you analyze my character; you must learn that there is a difference between that and dressing one's hair."

She spoke haughtily, as if she meant to give offence, and walked away towards the window, in token of her opinion that Barbara trespassed on her forbearance in remaining.

The housekeeper's look followed her pleadingly—

"I'm going away to be gone a fortnight, Miss Leonore," she said, humbly. "I would give everything I possess on earth, to know if I might dare to ask you, why Jean, the peddler woman, you know—why she denied her knowledge of you, and why you suspect her of duplicity."

"You are going away, you say; and you do well to go, Barbara, when you speak and look in that way. Are you mad, woman? Take your hands away, and don't make me think you demented. My story is my own—it has neither moral nor interest for any one else; and when you confess that you are both foolish and curious, I feel sure that you do right to go away for a time, and get back your old respectful quiet bearing."

The woman she addressed in this wise, shrank aside, abashed, but without a glimpse of anger or mortification in her eagerly searching eyes. She murmured some words of excuse, and tried to say something more about Jean, but Leonore cut her short; and in the midst of her nervous explanation that Jean was an old friend who would tell her everything, if Miss Leonore would give her a clue to go by, the impatient little lady turned about, and motioned to the door with such decided dignity, that Barbara was fain to curtsey and depart.

When she gained her own room, the door being locked, she gave way to a strangely, ungoverned outburst of emotion, and threw herself upon the floor, rocking her body to and fro.

"It's all dug up and above ground now," she said; "the story buried so long ago, is all unearthed. The man I hoped was in the farthest ends of the earth, is here beside me; and Jean being false herself, may have deceived me when I trusted her with my very life and soul. I am all astray, and have lost my hold upon myself. I must go back to the old ground to regain it once more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Divorce in Pennsylvania.

The laws of Pennsylvania in relation to divorce are quite liberal. Divorces are allowed in this state for the following causes:—

First. Bigamy, which will release the husband or wife injured by such bigamous marriage.

Second. Adultry.

Third. Wilful and malicious desertion, persisted in for two years.

Fourth. Cruel and barbarous treatment, endangering the life of a wife.

Fifth. Such indignities offered to the person of the wife as render her condition intolerable and life burdensome, and thereby force her to withdraw from her husband's house and family.

Sixth. Marriage by parties within the degree of consanguinity.

Seventh. Where upon a false rumor, in appearance well founded, of the death of the other, who has been absent two years, the party supposed to be the survivor shall marry again, the other upon returning may have a divorce.

Eighth. Where the alleged marriage was procured by fraud, force or coercion, and has not been subsequently confirmed by the acts of the injured party.

Ninth. Where either party has been convicted of a felony and sentenced to imprisonment for two years or more, upon the application of the other party.

Tenth. Where the *wife* shall have, by cruel and barbarous treatment, rendered the condition of the *husband* intolerable or life burdensome.

Adaptation to Your Audience.

In the Memoir of the life of Dr. Bethune, recently published, we are told of his preaching, when yet a very young man, in the Bethel Church, in Savannah, and that his services among sailors were extremely popular and successful. This was owing to his knowledge of the character of seamen, together with his perfect familiarity with nautical phrases and sea life, a fact expressed in the homely language of one of his hearers, "I like to hear you, because you know the ropes." A brother clergyman was not equally fortunate, as appeared from the answer of one of his hearers to Dr. Bethune, who inquired how the boys liked the minister whom he had sent. Jack was not slow to tell his disapproval of the substitute, and called him "an old land lubber." On his being rebuked by the pastor for calling a minister of the gospel a land lubber, the tar replied, "Yes, but he is a land lubber; why he talked about the anchors of hope, and spun a long yarn of a storm at sea and a ship coming near land, and in the very breakers; and then he said, 'What would you do but heave out your anchor?' Now, in such a case, I'd like to know what in creation we could do with an anchor? No, no, we would order all hands on deck and try to claw her off shore." Dr. Bethune, in after life, often told this anecdote with great relish.

☞ There are in the post-office department ten thousand photographs of Union soldiers taken from dead letters which accumulated during the war.

☞ EMERSON ON THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The most epigramatic statement in Mr. Emerson's writings has been lately quoted in Great Britain *not* with approval. It is this: "Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings, and founded the House of Lords." For pure wit can this be exceeded?

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBR'Y 8, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

INTEMPERANCE.

Probably it is not known to very many of our readers, that a SANITARIUM for the cure of persons suffering from the effects of Alcoholic liquors and of Opium, was opened for the reception of patients, at Media, near this city, in June last.

Persons may be admitted to this institution either on their own application or that of their friends. An Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, passed March 4, 1867, says:—

"The Committee of any habitual drunkard, duly found to be such, by inquisition, according to the Act of Assembly relating to lunatics and habitual drunkards, approved June 13, A. D., 1820, may make application in writing to the President of the Citizens' Association of Pennsylvania, for the admission of said habitual drunkard to the custody of said Association; and upon the receipt of such application by the President aforesaid, he shall make inquiry into the history and nature of the case, and if he be of opinion that the person in whose behalf the application is made, is a proper subject for admission, his certificate of approval, together with the application, may be submitted to the Court of the County where the Committee of said habitual drunkard may reside, either in open Court, or to the President Judge at chambers; and if, in the judgment of the Court, the said habitual drunkard shall be deemed a proper subject for treatment, with a view to his reformation, the said Court is hereby empowered to commit him to the custody of the Citizens' Association of Pennsylvania, for a term of not less than nine months, or more than two years. *Provided*, that the relations, by blood or marriage, of said habitual drunkard, shall have access to him at all times, subject to the rules and regulations of said Association: and, *Provided further*, that said habitual drunkard may be released by the Court making the commitment, before the expiration of said term, if, after a full hearing, the said Court shall deem his release advisable: and, *Provided further*, that nothing in this Act shall be so construed as to prevent the Citizens' Association from receiving into their custody, any person upon his own application, without due process of law."

From a report of the President (Joseph Parrish, M. D.) to the Directors of the SANITARIUM, we learn that they have had under treatment so far 26 persons, the average continuance of whose intemperance was seven and one-half years each. Eight of these have been already "cured," and returned to usefulness. The Report says:—

We use the word "cured" in this connection, as it is used in the application to other forms of disease. If a person is discharged as cured, from a hospital for the insane, there is no guarantee that he will never again be overtaken with insanity.

If one is cured of any other disease, as intermittent fever, he is not certain that the same infirmity will never come upon him again. They are both cured, and if prudent persons they will avoid future exposure to the exciting causes of disease. In our list of cured, we have not estimated a single case in which there has been a relapse, though there are three of our patients, not counted thus, who have voluntarily returned to the Sanitarium for a short time, either to avoid a threatened relapse, or to be recovered from one. And this is a fact in our experience that is particularly noteworthy. Men who cannot leave their business or their families long enough to recover entirely from the appetite for drink, when they feel the "passion" coming upon them, and know that without protection they may be overcome, and run into a debauch, seek the retirement and defence of the Sanitarium for a short time, and are thus saved from danger and public reproach.

It is stated that the use of opium is rapidly on the increase. Already the number of opium eaters upon the globe is estimated at four hundred millions, principally in Oriental countries—but in this Western world, it seems, also, the users of this pernicious drug are to be found in probably unexpected multitudes. The same treatment is applied to both kinds of intemperance—and the chances of success equally good. The Report says:—

There is really no more odium to be attached to a person who goes to a Sanitarium to be recovered from the effects of intoxicants, than there is to a person who goes to Saratoga to be cured of dyspepsia or liver complaint, which is the result of excess in eating unnecessary or unsuitable food; or to one who goes to the sea shore to be relieved of nervous prostration induced by excesses of other kinds; or to one who is committed to an asylum to be relieved of insanity.

The first step in the recovery of an inebriate, is to remove him from the associations which have surrounded him in his daily life, and at once to promote his self-respect by treating him, not as a vagabond and off-cast, but as an unfortunate brother who is entitled to consideration and sympathy. The next step, is to inspire him with confidence in the efforts that are being made for his relief, and thus secure his co-operation in the use of means that are instituted in his behalf. Having secured to him personal comforts and sympathy in the midst of new and improving surroundings, all of which have drawn out the concurrent efforts of his own will, he can appropriate successfully the medical appliances that are proffered him, and be greatly benefited; though truth demands the avowal of the fact that there are inebriates whose moral strength has been so far prostrated by excesses, as to render recovery an impossibility. The transfer of such a class to an institution, may guard and defend them from hasty destruction, and at the same time be an incalculable relief to their families.

In conclusion, we recommend this Institution to the fostering care of our fellow citizens. It is one which has been greatly needed, and as the field of labor is very large, so we trust the means will be given it to extend its usefulness, more and more, as it shall seem to be adapted to its great work. In the President, Dr. Joseph Parrish, we think the Directors have found a man well qualified for his highly responsible position.

MR. DICKENS.

The Farewell readings in this city will be given on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 13th and 14th, at Concert Hall. Mr. Dickens, it is stated, will positively leave for Europe in April. His readings in this city have been very successful in all respects—as, we believe, they have been universally.

Financially, these readings must have been a great success. In New York we have seen his receipts, clear of all expenses, estimated at $3,000 an evening; but we judge this to be far in excess of his average net receipts, which we should think somewhere in the neighborhood of $1,000. This sum contrasts very well with the receipts of others. Thus we see it stated that first-class lecturers generally receive $100 per night: while Gough charges $200, and so does Beecher. Booth receives $500 for each of his representations of Shakspeare's characters, and Jenny Lind got about $800 for each concert.

Well, we are glad, for one, to see high literary talent paid at something like its proportionate worth—for it is Dickens, the writer, quite as much as Dickens the reader, who is getting thus recompensed.

LECTURE.

The Rev. Dr. Moriarty will lecture before the Germantown Hose Company, at the Town Hall in Germantown, on Thursday evening, the 13th of February.

His subject will be, "FAMILIAR OBSERVATION OF THE LAWS OF NATURE;" and from the well-known ability and eloquence of the distinguished lecturer, an excellent and impressive discourse may be expected.

The proceeds of the Lecture will be for the benefit of the HOSE COMPANY, who have substituted this Lecture for their usual annual Ball, believing that more benefit will be derived by their members, and the community at large, therefrom. We trust the Company will have no reason to regret the change, but that the lecture will be liberally patronized.

CARBON MEZZOTINTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, &C.—We call attention to the establishment of Messrs. Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown, in Chestnut street above Ninth, as being unsurpassed for the excellence of its workmanship in all the multiplied forms of photography. Their new Carbon Mezzotinta should be examined by all who intend having likenesses taken. They are, we believe, the only firm in the city who are able to take this new style of portraits; while as colorists they are, we think, unequalled.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HALF YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and of the Collateral Sciences. July to December, 1867. Published by H. C. Lea, Philada.

A STORMY LIFE. A Novel. By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON, author of "Lady Bird," "Too Strange to be True," &c. Three volumes in one. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

DOMBEY AND SON. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada. Price 35 cents.

MINNIE GRAY; OR, MERIT REWARDED. By ROSE PHILLIPS. Published by J. S. Claxton, 1214 Chestnut street, Philada.

COUNT MIRABEAU. An Historical Novel. By THEODOR MUNDT, author of "Robespierre," "No Divorce," &c. Translated from the German by Therese J. Radford. With Illustrations. Theodor Mundt, the author of this work, was the husband of Madam Mundt or Muhlbach, whose works have recently attracted so much attention. The husband also it appears was an author of some celebrity. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

A SUGGESTIVE COMMENTARY ON ST. LUKE: with Critical and Homiletical Notes. In Two Volumes. By Rev. W. H. VAN DOREN. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

DICKENS'S NEW STORIES. Containing "HARD TIMES," and "PICTURES FROM ITALY." By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Illustrated. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price $1.50 in cloth.

SKETCHES by BOZ. DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price 25 cts. each.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ANNUAL. Published by Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway, New York. A Farmer's Year Book, exhibiting the recent progress in agricultural theory and practice.

☞ At the last State Ball at the Tuileries, the most notable guests were ex-President Goffrard, conspicuous for his gorgeous uniform, and two young Japanese ladies of remarkable beauty. The dress of the Empress was white tulle over white satin, striped with gold and silver. Her diamond necklace consisted of ten rows of splendid stones; a very small row of diamonds, fastening an aigrette worn on the left side, was her only head ornament.

☞ Ole Bull, Camille Urso, and Miss Topp, were together at a party the other evening. "You play beautifully, my child," said the Norwegian to Miss Topp; "but you can't do the greatest music. No woman can; it takes the biceps of a man." "My arm is strong enough," answered the brilliant young pianist, laughing; "I break my pianos as well as a man could, and Steinway has to send me a new one every week." "You see," responded Bull, turning to Madame Urso, "you see how these people treat their pianos. They bang them, they beat them, they kick them, they smash them to pieces; but our fiddles! *how we love them!*"

☞ A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late of nights—or rather early of next mornings—and said: "Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark!" "Then you had a deuce of a father—*you* had," sneered the young profligate. Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you, you young rascal."

A Winter's Day at Haworth.

No. 1.

Most of our readers are old enough to remember the excitement caused by the publication of "Jane Eyre, a novel, by Currer Bell." The interest excited by that extraordinary book was only equalled by the desire of the public to discover who was its mysterious author. Who was this "Currer Bell?" Was he a man, or was she a woman? Was it his or her real name, or only a *nom-de-plume?* In what part of England did he or she dwell? These were the questions which agitated every literary *coterie* in London in the winter of 1847, and in the solution of which even the general public felt an interest. The publishers of the book were, however, discreet. No unguarded expression from them ever suffered the secret of its authorship to escape. Towards the close of 1849, however, "Shirley, a novel, by the author of 'Jane Eyre'" appeared. The scene of this work was laid in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and it was generally felt that the hand which had written that book must have lived long—probably was still living—in the very district which the work described so minutely and so well. All the world knows the rest. It was speedily discovered that these books, which had roused so much curiosity, excited so much admiration, and experienced such diverse criticism, were written by Miss Charlotte Bronte, the daughter of an unknown country clergyman, living at Haworth, an unknown village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, which said West Riding of Yorkshire was also an unknown land to the great bulk of English readers. In 1857, Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronte," was published, telling the world something of the inner life of that quiet Haworth parsonage. It told us how within the walls of that remote country house there had lived and died a family of almost unequalled talent, and of unparalleled originality. It told us how, in consequence of the remoteness of their dwelling, and of the early death of their mother, the children in that house saw no female society—nor indeed, any society whatever. The book went on to tell how, nevertheless, when mere children, so soon as they could read and write, Charlotte and her brother and sisters used to invent and act little plays of their own; how they took the most vivid interest in the public characters of the day; how not only local and home, but even foreign politics were eagerly discussed by them; how they wrote and edited little magazines of their own; how their father said that long before the death of his eldest daughter, Maria, at the age of eleven years, he could converse with her on the leading topics of the day "with as much freedom as with any grown-up person;" finally, how Charlotte Bronte's eldest sister Emily (the original of the character of *Shirley*, and herself author of that strangely powerful book "Wuthering Heights,") was a girl of such determined strength of will, that being bitten by a strange dog one day, she quietly went into the kitchen, took up an Italian iron which was heating before the fire, herself inserted the red-hot end into the bleeding wound, and coolly screwed it round therein—thus effectually cauterising the wound.

Emily's only brother, Branwell, was cast in the same stern mould as herself. One instance of his marvellous strength of will proved this. During his life he had always maintained that to the last human will could conquer human weakness, and he declared that in order to prove this, he himself, when his time came, would stand up to die! Accordingly, when the death agony seized him, he rose to his feet—and so died. These, and many another equally interesting anecdote of the Bronte family, are they not written in Mrs. Gaskell's noble "Life of Charlotte Bronte?" Nay, more, are not the characteristics of this wonderful family written yet more plainly in those three extraordinary books, "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte (Currer Bell;) "Wuthering Heights," by her sister, Emily Bronte (Ellis Bell;) and the "Tenant of Wildfell Hall," by the youngest sister, Anne Bronte (Acton Bell?)

I had long been anxious to visit Haworth, and on the 22nd January, 1867, finding myself in Leeds, I resolved, in company with a literary friend, to carry our wish into execution. We therefore took the train at Leeds for Keighley, that being the nearest railway station to Haworth. Keighley (pronounced *Keethley*, by the natives) is a long, dirty, straggling town on the Leeds and Skipton line of railway. It seems entirely devoted to mills, for everything is of mills—if we may coin a word—*milly*. The distance of Haworth from Keighley is about four miles. The road ascends the whole way, the traveller having on his right a beck (stream) flowing down the valley in which the town of Keighley is situated. The weather, on the occasion of our visit, was intensely cold, the country all around being a foot deep in snow. The road, in consequence of the severity of the frost, was exceedingly slippery, and our walk, therefore, from Keighley to Haworth was a somewhat laborious one. A railway was then in course of construction from Keighley to Haworth, and has since the time of our visit been opened. My friend and I were, however, not permitted to be blessed with its assistance, and so had painfully to clamber along the frozen road, which every moment increased in steepness. As we struggled up the ascent we could not but help thinking how often the Bronte family had traversed this very road, hurrying back from Keighley, bearing home with them in triumph what was a precious treasure to them, viz., some new book from the little circulating library in that small town. As a turn of the road suddenly brought into view the small, quiet figures of two young ladies clad in mourning, one almost started, thinking, "Surely these must indeed be they!" But, alas! it is now twelve years since Charlotte Bronte traversed this road for the last time, and nigher twenty since the three Bronte sisters trod it in company. It was indeed to us a saddening thought that every member of that gifted Bronte family has died without leaving a single lineal descendant, so that, save for the possession of their works—which are left us a precious heritage to us from them—the whole family has disappeared from amongst us as completely as if they had never existed.

The people whom we pass on the road stare hard at us, as though strangers were a rarity in this part. Each passer-by, we notice, instead of shoes or boots, wears wooden

clogs, which clank noisily as he proceeds on his way. The sky overhead looked heavy and threatening; whilst in every direction, far as the eye could reach, were hills upon hills of sullen outline. By the time the traveller has accomplished two of the four miles which intervene between Keighley and Haworth, he sees the village of which he is in quest, right before him. At first sight Haworth seems literally to be situated among the clouds, for the village stands on the side of a steep hill which is crowned at the top by the village church. From the very back of the church rise the wild moors—the clouds and moors seeming in truth almost to merge themselves in one at the back of the sacred edifice. For a short time the road takes a sudden turn and the traveller loses sight of Haworth. Anon, however, the village again comes in sight, the beck is crossed by a stone bridge, and the foot of the village street is reached.

The village is built on the sides of an exceedingly steep hill—in places nearly perpendicular—up which we slowly climb. At the top of the street stands the church, shortly before reaching which the ascent really becomes appalling—amply sufficient, we apprehend to tax the endurance of even a member of the Alpine Club. We perceived, as we passed the post-office, that visitors were now expected at Haworth, for in the little window were copies of Charlotte Bronte's works; those of her sisters; Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronte;" also photographs of the Rev. Mr. Bronte, and of the church and parsonage. At length the top of the village street is gained. The road suddenly widening here, the visitor enters an open space or oblong, in the midst of which stands the church, and closely abutting upon it are the schools, the sexton's house, and two or three excellent inns. Dinner having been ordered at the "Black Bull"—the inn patronized, alas; too frequently by Branwell, the gifted and only brother of the Bronte family—we proceeded to view the church.

The Sexton, a fine, handsome man, of perhaps five-and-thirty years of age, showed us over the church. Unlike most *cicerones* of his class, who immediately the visitor enters begin their sing-song, cut-and-dried, monotonous account of each object of interest, this man waited to be questioned, and when questioned, answered the various inquiries we put to him, quietly and well.

The church is of great antiquity, but it is an ugly, puritanical building, without any pretensions to architectural beauty of any sort. The pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's seat are all placed one above the other, thus forming what the extreme High-Church party, in derision, call "a three-decker." This expression of contempt has—if I am not in error—only been in use for a very few years, yet an evidence of the spread of civilization may be found in the fact that the sexton at once made use of this expression in pointing out to us the obnoxious article of church furniture. The interior of the church is mean in appearance. The pews are of black oak, the only noteworthy fact about them being that the names of the occupants are painted up in white letters, instead of being written upon a card as more usually is the case. The accommodation they afford is also calculated to a nicety; for example, in one pew is painted up, "This pew contains 8½ sittings."

Proceeding towards the east end of the church, our attention is attracted by a neat mural tablet erected within the communion railing. This tablet is of white Carrara marble, on a ground of dove-colored marble, with a cornice surmounted by an ornamental pediment. Between the brackets which support the tablet is inscribed the sacred monogram, "I. H. S," in old English letters. This tablet bears the following inscription in Roman letters; the initials, however, in old English:

"IN MEMORY OF
MARIA, Wife of the Rev. P. BRONTE, A.B., Minister of Haworth.
She died Sept. 15th, 1821, in the 39th year of her age.
Also of
MARIA, their Daughter.
Who died May 6th, 1825, in the 12th year of her age.
Also of
ELIZABETH, their Daughter,
Who died June 15th, 1825, in the 11th year of her age.
Also of
PATRICK BRANWELL, their Son,
Who died Sept. 24, 1848, aged 31 years.
Also of
EMILY JANE, their Daughter,
Who died Dec. 19, 1848, aged 30 years.
Also of
ANNE, their Daughter,
Who died May 28th, 1849, aged 29 years.
She was buried at the Old Church, Scarborough.
Also of
CHARLOTTE, their Daughter, Wife of the Rev. A. B. NICHOLLS, B.A.
She died March 31st, 1855, in the 39th year of her age.

'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'—1 COR. xv. 56, 57."

Since this tablet was first erected, in April, 1858, the Rev. Mr. Bronte, the father, and sole survivor of his family, has also been borne to his rest. He died in the spring of 1861, aged 85 years.

The sexton, who is the son of the former sexton, who presided during Charlotte's life, was born at Haworth, and has lived there all his days.

"Yes, he knew every one of the Bronte family well. No, they didn't visit much among the people in the village. They were fonder of taking long walks by themselves on the moors. Many a time, sir, have I seen them, along with their dogs, going up that path," pointing, as he spoke, to a narrow foot-road crossing the churchyard, and ascending at once onto the sweeping, snow-covered moors. "Yes, Emily (Ellis Bell) was very reserved. Anne was the loveliest, sir. Whenever they were baking at the parsonage, she always took care to make me—I was a little lad, then, you know, sir—an apple pasty; or, if she couldn't make me one, then she would give me a handful of raisins, or something of that sort."

"Did you know Branwell?" said I.

"Oh, yes, I knew him well, too."

"Was he not very clever?"

"That he was, sir! I'll give you an instance of it. I'll tell you what I've seen him do often and often. I have seen him take two quills, one in each hand, and write two letters at once on two different subjects, whilst some one kept talking to him. He wrote just as easily with the left hand as with the right. The way he first began to write with both hands, he told me, was this. One day he was at a railway-station, and he wanted very much to get two letters written before the train came up, and it occurred to him that he might as well write them both at once. He tried, and found he could do it quite well."

"Did you know Mr. Nicholls, the curate, who married Charlotte Bronte?" asked my friend.

"Yes; I knew him well. A nice man he was. Quiet, you know, but very kind, and a real good hard-worker."

"How long was Mr. Nicholls at Haworth?"

"Why, altogether, he was here for about seventeen years. Ten years he was here afore he married Miss Bronte, and about seven years afterwards. Four months after Mr. Bronte died he went away."

"Did he apply for the living after Mr. Bronte's death?" we asked.

"Yes; he did, sir," answered the sexton; "but he didn't get it."

"But surely," said we, "having been curate here for seventeen years of his life, having known the Bronte family so long, and having married Charlotte Bronte, he was the most suitable person to have been appointed."

"Well, I don't know how it was, sir," responded the sexton; "but all I know is, he sent in his application to the trustees, and hearing there was going to be some opposition to him, he withdrew it."

"Mrs. Gaskell was also here, was she not?" inquired my friend.

"Yes, sir," replied the sexton, "she was here; but we don't like her nor yet her book. She says something about us folk that isn't true. We think her book's libellous."

So talking, he showed us the communion-pew, in front of which Charlotte Bronte was married, and under which she now lies buried, almost on the very spot where her feet must have stood during the performance of the marriage rite. All the family, also, except Anne, are buried close beside her. The sexton then pointed out to us the Bronte pew, which is close before the altar, and especially showed us where she (Charlotte) used to sit.

"She was," he said, "very little, and had a footstool for her feet. Yes, the pew was in exactly the same state as when they sat in it. Ah, sir," continued the sexton, "I once saw Thackeray and an American, who, they tell me, is a great man over there, called Emerson, and Miss Martineau, and Miss Bronte, all sitting in that pew, one Sunday. Thackeray and Emerson came to visit Miss Bronte for a day or two, that was how they all sat there on the Sunday."

"What a brilliant array of talent did not this little pew in Haworth Church contain that Sunday!" thought we; and then we felt sorrowful as we recollected that the two most illustrious of its occupants are now numbered with the dead!

A Summer Night in Russia.

The sun shines in St. Petersburg, in June and July, for twenty-four hours a day, and even scarce disappears beneath the horizon. I never experienced such sweltering weather in any other part of the world, except Aspinwall. One is fairly boiled with the heat, and might be wrung out like a wet rag. Properly speaking, the day commences for respectable people and men of enterprize, tourists, pleasure seekers, gamblers, vagabonds, and the like—about nine or ten at night, and continues till about four or five o'clock the next morning. It is then St. Petersburg fairly turns out—then the beauty and fashion of the city unfold their wings and flit through the streets, or float in Russian gondolas upon the glistening waters of the Neva; then it is the little steamers skim from island to island, freighted with a population just waked up to a realizing sense of the pleasures of existence; then it is the atmosphere is balmy, and the light wonderfully soft and richly tinted; then come the sweet witching hours, when

"Shady nooks
Patiently give up their quiet being."

None but the weary, labor-worn serf, who has toiled through the long day in the fierce rays of the sun, can sleep such nights as these. I call them nights, yet what a strange mistake. The sunshine still lingers in the Heavens with a golden glow: the evening vanishes dreamily in the arms of the morning; there is nothing to mark the changes—all is soft, gradual and illusory. A peculiar and almost supernatural light glistens upon the golden dome of the churches, the glaring waters of the Nevada are alive with gondolas; miniature steamers are flying through the winding channels of the islands; strains of music float upon the air; gay and festive throngs move along the promenades of Neveskoi; gilded and glittering equipages pass over the bridges and disappear in the shadowy recesses of the island. Whatever may be unseemly in life is covered by a rich and mystic drapery of twilight.

☞ An Irishman was recently brought before a magistrate in Quebec charged with having been so drunk the night before as to be unable to walk. "Shure your honor," said the prisoner, "and there's plenty more loike me. How the divil, yer honor, if I might be so bould, can any Christian walk straight on places that are covered with congaled mow and ice, and no steps taken by yees to clear it away. D'ye want to see decent men breaking their legs and their arms and their necks for diversion like, and bekase I was steering towards my peaceable home and indivoring to avoid the slippery places, is that a rayson that I should be dhrunk? No, it's not, and I am sure that your honor, with your usual wisdom and good sinse, will see the injustice that has been done me." The judge was thrown from his balance, and with the remark that "The sidewalks are scandalous in some places, and dangerous to pedestrians," discharged the prisoner.

☞ She who would tell a frightful story to a child, or allow one to be told, ought to have a guardian appointed over herself.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, on the 27th, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution declaring that Congress ought to cease its war on the Constitution, the Supreme Court, the President, and the white people of the South, and apply itself to retrenchment and the reduction of the taxes. The resolution was tabled.

On the 29th, the bill authorizing the sale of iron-clads was passed, with amendments, one of which provides for the retention of those of the larger class.

In the House, on the 27th, the Committee on Territories were directed to report a bill repealing the act organizing the Territory of Montana, said Territory having restricted the franchise to white citizens. Various communications were presented by the Speaker. The bill to prevent payment of Southern war claims was passed—yeas 86, nays 69—and Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, introduced a bill, which was referred, authorizing the issue of $45,000,000 additional legal tender notes.

On the 29th, Mr. Johnson, of Penna., offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether Congress has power to prevent the immigration of Chinese and other inferior races, and whether the Civil Rights act applies to the Chinese, but Mr. Pile, of Mo., objected.

In both Houses, the joint-resolution of the Ohio Legislature, rescinding the ratification of the last Constitutional Amendment has been presented, and referred to the Judiciary Committee for consideration.

PENNSYLVANIA.—On the 28th, in the House, a bill was introduced, giving widows ownership of property acquired during their marriage, and allowing mothers to recover for injuries done their children; also, one repealing the act allowing a passenger railway, not operated by steam, on Broad street. A resolution was adopted approving Gov. Geary's course in refusing to sanction the burial of rebel dead in Antietam Cemetery. Bills were introduced prohibiting collection of taxes on personal property in Philadelphia, and allowing seven per cent. interest.

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Jan. 31st, several cars were thrown from the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Mill Creek, by a broken rail. Three of the cars were consumed by fire. A woman was killed and several other persons injured.

OHIO.—The election for Congressman in the Eighth Congressional district, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Hamilton, resulted in the choice of General John Beatty (Repub.) by from 800 to 1,000 majority.

LOUISIANA.—The Louisiana Convention has adopted an article disfranchising until the year 1878 all persons who, having held judicial, legislative, or Federal or state offices, took part in the rebellion; also, those who voted for secession in the conventions, and United States commissioned officers who went into the rebellion.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Wheeling, West Virginia, *held a municipal election on the* 27th, and the Democratic ticket was successful by five hundred majority.

NEW JERSEY.—The lower House of the New Jersey Legislature has adopted a resolution instructing the New Jersey Congressmen to vote against the new Reconstruction bill.

AN OLD CLAIM.—In the Supreme Court of the United States, on the 27th, the decision of the Texas District Court relative to the Musina Land Claim, was affirmed. This case has been twelve years on the docket. Judge Watrous underwent impeachment charges in Congress for his decision in this case.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Late advices from the Territory report an unusually severe winter, and communication with the interior is suspended. The floods had caused immense destruction of property, and such a rainy winter had never before been experienced.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS.—Three distinct earthquake shocks were felt at Andover, Me., on the evening of the 16th inst. They were sufficient to give buildings a considerable shaking, to rattle dishes and stove covers and startle the inhabitants in general.

J. ROSS BROWNE.—The President has nominated J. Ross Browne to be Minister to China.

VIRGINIA.—In the Virginia Convention a section has been adopted prohibiting the payment of state or municipal debts incurred to aid the rebellion.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Mississippi Convention has adopted resolutions looking to the annulment of all laws passed since secession, and urging Gen. Gillen to enforce the special tax levied for the expenses of the Convention.

GEORGIA.—In the Georgia Convention several sections of a bill of rights have been adopted, and a resolution offered asking Congress to loan $30,000,000 to the destitute planters of the South, on mortgage security.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Fenian excitement continues in England, and arrests are being made every day.

The British Home Office denies officially, and in the most positive terms, that any orders were issued by the British Government for the arrest of George Francis Train. The authorities at Cork are alone responsible.

The martello tower at Dungannon, near Wexford, Ireland, was attacked by a body of Fenians, on Monday night. The garrison fired on the assailants, who retreated.

Burke, the Fenian, who was confined at Clerkenwell when the explosion took place, denies, in a letter, that he knew anything respecting the attempt made for releasing the prisoners.

George Francis Train is delivering lectures in Cork on American and Irish subjects. He is very popular, and his houses were jammed.

Considerable feeling has been created by the recent resolutions of the United States House of Representatives, declaring the sympathy of the nation with the Fenians. The journals of London have editorials on the subject, and severely criticise this expression of unfriendly feeling toward England.

The correspondence between Secretary Seward and Stanley, on the Alabama claims, has been brought to a close.

FRANCE.—The Imperial Government has issued an official note, addressed to the Prefects of the several departments of France, announcing the new Army law, and arguing that, instead of being a war measure, it is a pledge of continued peace. Stormy opposition, however, is manifested in the French Senate to the new bill, and the people regard it unfavorably.

M. Magne intimates in his report on the French finances, that France may be held liable to pay the bonds of the Mexican Empire, guarantied by the government. He thinks a new loan necessary, to the amount of 440,000,000 francs, and to be taken by public subscription.

Ten Parisian newspapers have been fined two hundred dollars each for printing illegal reports of the proceedings of the Corps Legislatif.

In the Corps Legislatif on the 30th, Mr. Thiers delivered a long and eloquent address, in favor of the freedom of the press.

ITALY.—Reports from Italy are to the effect that a *coup d'etat* is feared. Affairs are in a disturbed condition, and it is said that the relations between the government and that of France are not so amicable as they have been.

A special agent from the United States has arrived at Rome, it is said, on a secret mission. Doubtful.

It is now considered certain that the General Council of the Roman Catholic Church will assemble at Rome in November next.

Italy (not having enough to do at home) is about sending a naval expedition to the Rio de la Platte, South America, but its object is unknown, Gen. Menebrea, when interrogated on the subject, having declined to give an answer.

PRUSSIA.—The policy recently adopted by Prussia on the Roman question, has caused surprise—but an explanation of the course is found in the fact that in sustaining the temporal power of the Pope, the Prussian Government finds a powerful means of conciliating its Catholic subjects, and of strengthening its influence over the Catholic states of South Germany.

Carl Schurz, who is on a special mission from the United States, has arrived in Berlin, and was received by Count Von Bismarck.

DENMARK.—Both Houses of the Rigsrad have ratified the treaty ceding the Danish West Indies to the United States.

ABYSSINIA.—Despatches from Sennfe announce that the expedition is again in motion. The van has already reached Germarilla, two miles beyond this point. General Napier will immediately put himself at the head of the advance and push on to Antalo, the capital of the Tigre district.

Intelligence of the condition of the British captives has been received in camp at Senafe. They were at Magdala, alive and well, and were carefully guarded to prevent escape. It was feared that they would be massacred as soon as King Theodore heard of the expeditionary force, but no threatening demonstration against their lives had been made, and their treatment as prisoners remains unchanged.

It is reported, on English authority, that Theodore of Abyssinia, is confronted by rebels in his own dominions.

SPAIN.—An insurrection of the Carlists is mentioned as imminent in Spain. The Carlists are the ultra-Conservatives of Spain, and have no chance whatever of success.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.—Prince Edward's island, which the Canadian confederationists have been anxious to add to the Dominion, returns a decided negative to the proposals for annexation. The Government organ of the colony says that what little feeling there was formerly in favor of joining fortunes with Canada has been thoroughly obliterated. Still the island may be annexed summarily, as Nova Scotia was.

The "Do-Nothings."

Among the most powerful of the various societies in San Francisco is one called "The Do-Nothings." At a meeting of this society, a short time since, the following business was transacted:—

Sam Lazybones was carried to the chair.

Bill Loaferism was the Vice President.

The Secretary made his report. He observed that at the last meeting nothing had been done, according to the constitution of the society.

Jim Vacuum offered to make a motion, but he did not move from his seat. He observed that it was the destiny of man to work. The present order has been formed for the encouragement of idleness. A new member was waiting to be initiated.

The President said "Let him come in."

The new member was carried in on an ambulance. After giving the password, the President administered the oath of eternal laziness, and desired the candidate for admission into the order to repeat after him. The candidate waited until the President had finished, and then he said "Ditto."

The Vice President asked the candidate if he would take a drink.

The candidate nodded and opened his lips.

"The Secretary will now read you the rules of the Society," said the President.

The candidate shut his eyes and fell asleep in an instant.

"He'll do!" said the President, approvingly.

"Yes," said the Vice President; "he'll do nothing!"

The member's name was enrolled, and he was roused up to pay his subscription.

He did nothing of the kind. Nothing else took place. Nothing more was done. Nothing more was said. We know nothing more. The whole thing amounts to a mere nothing.

☞ A gentleman from Bowling Green, Ky., exhibited a five-hundred dollar bill at the Railroad Junction in Jackson, Miss. A bystander asked permission to look at it, as a curiosity, and on being gratified, a like desire was expressed by another bystander, who, in turn, handed it to still another, who ran off with it, followed by the other two—all three of them being doubtless concerned in the little operation. Chase was given, but without success.

☞ Recent mail robberies frightened a Cleveland man, who added to the address of a letter—"To dishonest P. O. officials: For God's sake, let this go through—there is no money in it!"

☞ A new definition of platonic love calls it "a Puritanic form of flirtation."

Permanent Pictures.

CARBON MEZZOTINTS

FROM LIFE AND COPIES FROM ENGRAVINGS,

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN.

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

Attention is called to the new Carbon Mezzotints just introduced by WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN, Artists, 914 CHESTNUT STREET and 603 BROADWAY, New York.

This new style of portraiture, which is making such a stir in the art abroad, is produced by no other establishment in Philadelphia.

The merits of these pictures are:

ABSOLUTE PERMANENCE.

Being printed with the same material as that used in Steel Engravings, they are free from chemical changes.

SOFTNESS.

They present no such hard lights and intense shadows as are common in the ordinary chemical photographs, but the lights are soft and the shades transparent, as in nature.

FINISH.

From the nature of the materials used in these pictures, they have an artistic finish which is unattainable by the former method of printing.

The public are invited to examine specimens at the only Gallery where these pictures are furnished.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,
914 Chestnut Street.

☞ THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.—Franklin was an observing and sensible man, and his conclusions were seldom incorrect. He said, "A newspaper and a Bible in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal supports of virtue, morality and civil liberty."

☞ A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes that boys who enter the Military Academy at West Point lose their morals and self-respect in a few months. The charge, serious as it is, is apparently supported at some length.

☞ It is the acquisition of no contemptible science to know how to bear with the ignorance of fools.

☞ Steel billiard balls, made of two semi-spherical pieces of hollow steel, are announced.

☞ Fine-wooled sheep will stand most cold. It is cold that makes fine wool.

☞ A man and wife were separated in Chicago because they did not agree concerning the propriety of having a billiard table in their house.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and *so satisfactorily as* RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

THE antidote in all cases where the *nerve fluid* requires stimulating, or where Neuralgia, Nerve-ache, or any other nervous complaint exists, is DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. The most violent attack of any of these maladies is silenced by this medicine. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop. feb8-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Jan., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. THOMAS DAVIS to Miss ELIZABETH F. PICKETT, both of this city.

On the 12th of Jan., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. HENRY H. REMMEY to Miss LAVINIA ENS, both of this city.

On the 16th of Jan., by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. AND. SCHLAYER, of Harrisburg, to Miss LIZZY NAPEY, of this city.

On the 23d of Jan., by the Rev. F. W. Hutter, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM GOODENOW to Miss CLARA A. WALTON, both of Muncy, Lycoming county, Pa.

On the 29th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. R. Wood, Mr. JOHN MANNING to Miss ELIZABETH B. ROBERTS, both of this city.

On the 18th of Nov., 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN MILLWARD to Miss SARAH BUCK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

DEATH OF JAMES MOTT.—This eminent member of the Society of Friends died in Brooklyn, New York, on Sunday, Jan. 26th, in the 80th year of his age. He was a resident of this city, the husband of Lucretia Mott, and a man of great probity, benevolence and purity of character. Advocating extreme views on many questions—particularly those of Slavery and "Woman's Rights"—he was held in general esteem by his fellow citizens, even by those who differed most widely from him in their opinions.

On the 27th of Jan., JAMES S. SHINDLER, in his 40th year.

On the 27th of Jan., ELLEN, wife of AARON D. PIERSON.

On the 26th of Jan., SAMUEL C. AUSTIN, in his 24th year.

On the 26th of Jan., Miss MARGARET GROVER, in her 68th year.

On the 26th of Jan., Mrs. ELIZABETH GOLDSMITH, in her 90th year.

On the 25th of Jan., MARGARET, wife of Thomas Long, aged 48 years.

On the 24th of Jan., Mrs. CATHARINE GABEL, in her 78th year.

On the 24th of Jan., THOMAS BEALER, in his 68th year.

On the 24th of Jan., HENRY D. KENNEDY, in his 43d year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS*, &c., &c.

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 36 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full* ($2.50) *subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies, **$4**; Four copies, **$6**; Five (and one gratis) **$8**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12**; Twenty (and one gratis) **$26.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.**

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Handwriting Peculiarities.

It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of hand-writing peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—— states: I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixed exclusively with French people—but who, although he had a French writing-master, and perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing, but with all their professions, and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their hand-writings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs, can instantly be determined by his hand-writing. The difference between the American or English and the French hand-writing is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German handwritings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference between the hand-writings of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that though a man may become identified with another nation, and speak its languages as well, perhaps better, than his own—yet never can he succeed in changing his hand-writing to a foreign style.

"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT."

I saw a little blade of grass
  Just peeping from the sod,
And asked it why it sought to pass
  Beyond its parent clod?
It seemed to raise its timid head,
  All sparkling, fresh and bright,
And wondering at the question, said,
  "I rise to seek the light."

I asked the eagle why his wing
  To upward flight was given,
As if he spurned each earthly thing,
  And knew no home but heaven?
He answered, as he fixed his gaze,
  Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
  "I rise to seek the light."

I asked my soul, what means this thirst
  For something yet beyond,
What means this eagerness to burst
  From every earthly bond?
It answers, and I feel the glow!
  With fires more warm, more bright,
"All is too dull, too dark below,
  I rise to seek the light!"

A Letter to Little Folks.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Little folks like to get letters, so I will write to them, this time, instead of the ladies. The new year is ever a time for making new resolutions, as I remember when I was young; indeed, I am not past making them even now. Of the many that will be made January 1, 1868, some will die with the *day*, some last for a week or a month, and very few will live for the year. What can I write about that will prompt you to make good resolutions on this New Year's day, or, better still, help you keep those you do make?

Let me see. Was there ever a little girl who did not wish to be both handsome and happy? I guess not. Well, I will try and tell you some things which will help you to be so. We often see advertised various cosmetics to make the face fair and beautiful. But, so far as I know, they are all bad, making the skin sallow and unhealthy in a short time. The surface of our bodies is covered with a million pores, or little holes, through which much waste material passes off; so these little orifices should be kept clear, instead of being closed by powders and paint. I read long ago a funny story of a lady who made a mistake in preparing a wash for the face, and thus colored it a *bright blue.* She then tried to remove it with soap, which only turned it to a *pea green.* There is a "wash" which is safe and sure, not only for the face, but for the whole body, and that is good cold water. Keeping the skin clean is the way to keep it healthy, and keeping it healthy is the way to keep it handsome. In summer you can all very easily take a bath each day, using a wet towel and a bowl of water only; and in winter, too, this will do quite well, if you have a warm room for it. This some of you, perhaps, could not do more than two or three times per week.

Little girls sometimes play in water and get chilly, which is bad for them; they should bathe quickly, rub briskly, and then take a good run, so as to both get warm and keep warm. The water should be cool, but not so cold as to make you blue as a picked pigeon. All my little girls here love baths when they are used to them.

Another way to make you both handsome and happy is to eat bread, milk, vegetables, and fruit, avoiding rich pies, cakes, candies, preserves, and the like. Too rich food makes little folks, as well as large ones, irritable and unhappy. Many a little girl is cross at breakfast because she had something at supper which she thought better than bread and milk, but which does not make her feel as well as that would have done. Many a fair face is faded or discolored by food so rich that the stomach could not make it into good blood. I could tell you how tea and coffee make little girls nervous, excitable, taking away their appetite for good nourishing food, such as would make them grow strong and well; but I cannot stop to explain it all to you. Fresh air is good to give fresh checks. Little girls enjoy a run so well that they are likely to get many a good airing during the day, if they have not on too many fine things, which they fear will be soiled or spoiled by out-door play. But at night little girls are often so afraid of the cold or dark that they keep both door and window shut, when each should be open a little way, unless the wind is too strong, when one will do.

Many children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say certainly; but I *do* know that those little folks who sit up late nights are usually nervous, weak, small, and sickly. The reason why you need more sleep than your parents is because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking, and working, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so they cannot sleep, rest, and grow *strong* in body and brain. Now, when your mother says Susie, or Mary, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up "just a little longer." But hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful woman.

We once had with us a lad of 16, who had drank tea and coffee, sat up late nights playing cards, smoking, and drinking for several years. Though very small for his age, he looked like an old man; not like one of noble thoughts and worthy deeds, but old in sin, sorrow, and sickness—his form bent, his face wrinkled. After being with us some months he began to grow again, but can never, in mind or body, be the man he would have been but for the bad habits of his youth.

Thus far I have told you of the body alone. Now there is within this body what we call the spirit, which shines out through the face, making it look good or bad, cheerful or sad. In some little girls this spirit changes so often that you can scarcely tell how they will look by-and-by, their faces have such an uncertain look. They may be kind now, but they look as if they might be cross the next minute. Some are so habitually sour that, when the sunshine of a smile plays over their face, it does not seem deep, warm, and pleasant. Others are so constantly loving, gentle, and kind, that if they chance to be perplexed, vexed, or saddened, you can see by their looks that they are not usually so, and are sure they will be over it soon. Sometimes a lady comes to me as a patient, who to *me* may be ever so pretty and polite, and yet I feel very sure she will *make*, and therefore *have*, her full share of trouble while with us. Her face shows me that, smooth as it is now, she is not usually patient in spirit. So you see, my little readers, you can make your face look about as you please. By this I do not mean that you can make such shaped noses or such hair as you may fancy; but you can do what is of much more consequence toward making yourself an agreeable companion. If you have a good spirit, you will have kind words, a pleasant voice, and a lovable face.

Shall I try and tell you how it is that we made our faces look thus and so? Well, the expression of the face comes from the action of certain muscles. When we look cross we bring into use one class of muscles, and when we look sad, another; when happy, another, and so on. Now muscles grow by use, so that those we keep most active become the most marked or prominent. I once knew a young lady with so severe a disease of the skin that her presence would have been very unpleasant, had not her Christian love and resignation shone out through her face, so as to make her a general favorite in the family. We had here, too, a beautiful girl of twenty, who had not walked in five years, and most of this time had been unable to sit up, suffering almost constant pain during these long years; yet so patient was she that her face glowed with that peace and joy which Jesus gives to those who love Him. Many persons are unhappy, and think it is because things about them are not right, when the real fault is in themselves. They are like the little boy that Mr. Beecher once told us of, whose dinner did not suit him, so his father made that right; then his cup did not suit him, so one was brought that did; then his chair was not right, and his father took him in his lap, saying: "Are you all right now?" He looked around the room, and seeing the cat crossing the floor with tail erect, he said, in a vexed voice, "There! the old cat's tail sticks up!" and burst out crying. Many a little girl, and some large ones, too, cry or complain because something about as important as the old cat's tail does not suit them.

Once, just as our little Eddie was getting tired and sleepy, he spied the new moon. "There! the moon is broke!" exclaimed he, just ready to cry; "I don't like that moon!"

Much about which we worry will, like the moon, mend itself in less than a month, and is, perhaps, quite as much out of our reach. Children have a great deal of sorrow and sickness because they do not listen to the words of their earthly parents and their Father in heaven, but foolishly fancy they can take care of themselves. They are like this same little Eddie boy, who went out walking in a rough ravine with his father, and, being held up by his strong arm and guided by his experienced eye, he got on very well—so well that he thought he could go alone, and so, letting go his father's hand, he went off by himself, sliding down here, and tumbling down there, till, tired of his many downfalls, he came back to his father, and reaching out his little hand, and looking up into his face, he said, in a sweet voice, "Papa, please take care of me." Happy, thrice happy are those children who look respectfully to their parents on earth and reverently to their Father in heaven, saying from the heart: "Please take care of me."

There is little told us of the childhood of Jesus, but that little teaches us a great deal. We read that when he was twelve years old he went up to Jerusalem with his parents, and while there astonished the doctors, or learned men, at his understanding and answers. After this he dwelt in Nazareth, a small town of little note, and was subject to his parents—that is, he obeyed them, probably helping his father about his carpenter work, and he increased in wisdom.

Will my little readers try this new year to live as Jesus did—asking Him to help them? Then you will grow handsome and happy all the year.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

I cannot let you link your fate
  To such a fate as mine;
The rapture of a wedded state
  At present I resign.
We *might* be happy, but I fear
  Our chances are but small:—
I like you very much, my dear,
  And love you—not at all.

Long, long ago I had a thought
  Of making you my wife;
Since then experience has taught
  The lesson of a life.
The vows you loved so much to hear
  'Tis useless to recall:—
I like you very much, my dear,
  And love you—not at all.

Before this year that's dying out
  Has altogether died,
You'll find another love, no doubt,
  And I another bride.
At least, I'd better be sincere
  (Whatever may befall;)—
I like you very much, my dear,
  And love you—not at all.

☞ The Boston Commonwealth relates that a lady of Charlestown, a great admirer of Mr. Dickens's writings, but unfortunately paralyzed in her limbs from an accident so that she cannot walk, wrote to him to ask if the doors of the Temple could be opened to her earlier than the usual hour, that she might be lifted into the hall unobserved by other attendants upon the readings, mentioning to him her infirmity of limbs. Mr. Dickens sympathizingly and gratefully acknowledged the note, gave the requisite order for the lady's accommodation, and claimed the honor of presenting her, besides, with complimentary tickets of admission.

HOW THE BASHFUL CURATE'S COURTSHIP TERMINATED.

"I was, indeed," he began, "once engaged to be married, I believe, (how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still,) but an incident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely out of the question. I was a young undergraduate, spending the summer with a reading party at the Irish lakes, where I met with—with Lucy, and got, in short, to be accepted. She was residing with her mother, in the same hotel in Killarney as ourselves, and we all met every day. We boated on the lake together, and fished, and sang, and read. We landed on the wooded islands in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gipsy fashion, and to sketch; but she and I mostly whispered—not about love at all, as I remember, but of the weather and the rubric: only it seemed so sweet to sink our voices and speak low and soft. Once, in a party over the moors, while I was leading her pony over some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake instead of her bridle, and she did not snatch it away. It was the heyday and the prime of my life, my friends, and that youth of the spirit which no power can ever more renew. I knew what she felt, and what would please her, as soon as the feeling and the wish were born. Our thought—my thought, at least, 'leapt out to wed with thought, ere thought could wed itself with speech.' She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman; and I bought it for her at once, although it was terribly savage, and (except for Lucy's liking it,) not either good or beautiful. Its name also, the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not answer to that—was Towser, not a name for a lady's pet at all, and scarcely for a gentleman's. There was a little secluded field, hedged in by a coppice, which sloped into the lake, about a mile from the hotel; and there Lucy agreed (for the first time,) to meet me alone. I was to be there, before breakfast, at 8 o'clock in the morning, and you may be sure I was there at 6—with Towser. Perhaps I was never happier than at that particular time. The universal nature seemed in harmony with my blissful feelings. The sun shone out bright and clear, so that the fresh morning breezes could scarcely cool the pleasant throbbings of my blood; but the blue rippling waves of the lake looked irresistibly tempting, and I could not resist a swim. Just a plunge and out again, thought I; for though I had such plenty of time to spare, I determined to be dressed and ready for the interview an hour at least before the appointed time. Lucy might, like myself, be a little earlier; and at all events, with such an awful consequence in possible apprehension, I would run the shadow of a risk. 'Mind my clothes, mind them,' said I to Towser, (who took his seat thereon, at once, sagaciously enough,) for I had heard of such things as clothes being stolen from unconscious dippers before them, with results not to be thought of; and in I went. I remember the delight of that bath even to this day, the glow, the freshness, the luxurious softness of each wave, just as the last view which his eyes rested on is painted on the memory of one who has been stricken blind, or the last heard melody is treasured in that of a man stunned deaf by a fall; it was my last perfect pleasure, and succeeded by a shock that I shall never, I think, quite get over. When I had bathed as long as I judged to be prudent, I landed and advanced towards the spot where my garments and Towser lay; as I did so, every individual hair upon his back seemed to bristle with fury, his eyes kindled coals of fire; he gave notice by a low, determined growl, that he would spring on, me and tear me into fragments if I approached nearer; it was evident that he did not recognize me, in the least, without my clothes. 'Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow,' said I, pleasantly, 'good old tow, you remember me;' but the brute, like the friend whom we have known in a better day, and appeal to when in indifferent apparel, only shook his head in a menacing manner, and showed his teeth the more. 'Towser, be quiet, sir; how dare you—Tow, Tow, Tow—Towser—(here he had nearly a bit of my calf off)—you nasty brutal dog; go away, sir—go; ain't you ashamed of yourself?' Drops of foam oozed through the teeth of the ferocious monster as he stood with tail erect at these reproving words, but he manifested no signs of remorse or sorrow. My situation became serious in the extreme—what if he chose to sit there, on my personal apparel, until—? At this idea, too terrible to be concluded, a profuse perspiration broke out all over me. Presently, feeling a little cool, I went back in the lake again to consider what was to be done, and resolving the fell design of enticing Towser into the water and there drowning him. Abuse and flattery being equally thrown away upon him, I tried stones; I heaved at him with all my force the largest pebbles I could select, the majority of which he evaded by leaping from side to side, and those which struck him rendered him so furious that I believe he would have killed and ate me if he could, whether I was dressed or not, but he would not venture into the water after me still. At last, the time drawing on apace for the appointed interview which I had once looked forward to with such delight and expectation, I was fain, in an agony of shame and rage, to hide myself in a dry ditch in the neighboring copse, where I could see what took place without being seen, and there I covered myself over, like a babe in the wood, with leaves. Presently my Lucy came down, a trifle more carefully dressed than usual, and looking all grace and modesty; the dog began to howl as she drew near; she saw him and she saw my clothes, and the notion that I was drowned (I could see it in her expressive countenance) flashed upon her at once; for one instant she looked as though about to faint, and the next she sped off again to the hotel with the speed of a deer. Gracious Heavens! I decided upon rescuing a portion of my garments at least, or upon perishing in the attempt, and rushed out of the thicket for the purpose; but my courage failed me as I neared the savage animal, and I found myself (in some confused and palpitating manner,) back in my dry ditch again with the sensation of a loss of blood and pain; my retreat had not been effected—perhaps, because there was nothing to cover it—without considerable loss, and the beast had bitten me severely. I protest that, from that moment, frightful as my position was, it did not move me so much as the reflection of the honors that would be showered down on that vile creature. I knew that he would be considered by Lucy and the rest as a sort of dog of Montargis, an affectionate and sagacious creature, watching patiently at his appointed post for his beloved master that should never again return to him. Presently they all came back, Lucy and her mother and all the maid-servants from the inn, besides my fellow students and fishermen with drag-nets, and a medical man with blankets and brandy (how I envied the blankets and the brandy!) As I expected, neither the woman's cries nor the men's labor in vain distressed me half so much as the patting and caressing of Towser; if she could have only known when she dropped those tears upon his cruel nose that there was a considerable quantity of human flesh—my flesh—at that moment lying in his stomach in an indigested state! I could not repress a groan of horror and indignation. 'Hush, hush,' said Lucy, and there was a silence through which I could distinctly hear Towser licking his chops. I was desperate by this time, and halloed out to my friend Sanford—'Sanford and nobody else'—to come into the copse with a blanket. I remember nothing more distinctly. Immediately peals of laughter, now smothered, now breaking irrepressibly forth, expressions of thankfulness, of affection, of sympathy beginning—but never finished—burst in upon, as it were, by floods of merriment; and the barking, the eternal barking of that execrable dog. I left Killarney that same evening; Lucy, and the mother of Lucy, and my fellow-students, and the abominable Towser; I left them for good and all; and that was how my engagement was broken off, and why there is no Mrs. Peony Flush," concluded the curate, who had turned from rose-color to deep carnation, and from that to almost black, during the recital.

THE MERRY HEART.

The merry heart! the merry heart!
  Of Heaven's gifts I hold thee best;
And they who feel its pleasant throb,
  Though dark their lot, are truly blest.

From youth to age it changes not;
  In joy and sorrow still the same;
When skies are dark and tempest's scowl,
  It flames a steady beacon flame.

It gives to beauty half its power,
  The nameless charm worth all the rest,
The light that dances o'er a face,
  And speaks of sunshine in the breast.

If beauty no'er have set her seal,
  It well supplies her absence too,
And many a cheek looks passing fair
  Because a merry heart shines through.

Parisian Politeness.

Rousseau introduced his head through the open casement of a porter's lodge.

"Good day, my friend."

"Good day, sir."

"Will you please tell me the name of this nice bird in your window?"

"A linnet, with a black head, sir."

"But why do you prefer a linnet with a black head?"

"Because it sings so well. Listen!" and the porter with hand on hip, face all radiant, and head humoring the tune, enjoyed the song of his favorite.

"Ah, very nice, indeed! You are a married man, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. My third darling is alive."

"And where is this darling wife of yours?"

"You mean my spouse, I hope, sir."

"O, certainly; your spouse, by all means."

"Sir, she is above, with our lodger on the fifth floor."

"Ah! and what business has she with your lodger on the fifth floor?"

"Putting his room in order."

"Is he young or old, this fifth floor tenant?"

"Middle aged, sir."

"Very good; and where are your children?"

"Sir, I have none."

"And what have you been about all the time of your three marriages?"

"I beg pardon, sir; are you looking for any one here?"

"No one."

"Is there anything I can do to oblige you?"

"Nothing whatever."

"But you have been heaping questions on me the last fifteen minutes."

"Yes, to be sure."

"And to what are these questions apropos?"

"Apropos to nothing at all."

"And why, then, does Monsieur do me the honor?"

"O, it is quite simple. I am passing; I read over your window, 'Speak to the Porter,' and I did so."

Furs.

An Ohio gentleman, who has been in the fur-trade for twenty-five years, writes to a Western newspaper:—"Just a quarter of a century ago I entered the fur trade, paying eighteen cents for mink, twenty cents for musk-rat, and two dollars for yellow marten skins. During these twenty-five years there have been some wide ranges of prices; I have sold a lot of mink for eight hundred dollars that now would bring twenty-four thousand dollars. Then, again, I have sold a lot of coon for thirteen thousand dollars, that in London to-day would not bring two thousand dollars. The little marten skin is not worth the same price as a yellow dog-skin—two shillings. The opossum has been from three to sixty; and now is down to eight cents. War has been one cause of these fluctuations; but that mightier power than armies, Fashion, has done the most. While the combined armies of Europe could only put down coon and skunk fifty per cent., that powerful goddess, Fashion, ran the eighteen cent mink up to fifteen dollars, and knocked the big black lynx muff down to four shillings."

☞ Let us moderns appreciate our dignity; we shall be the venerated ancients of future moderns.

THE SKATER.

The skater lightly laughs and glides,
Unknowing that beneath the ice
Whereon he carves his fair device,
A stiffened corpse in silence slides.

It gleareth upward at his play:
Its cold, blue, rigid fingers steal
Beneath the treadings of his heel;
It floats along and floats away.

He has not seen its horror pass;
His heart is blithe; the village hears
His distant laughter; he careers
In festive waltz athwart the glass.

We are the skaters, we who skim
The surface of Life's solemn flood,
And drive, with gladness in our blood,
A daring dance from brim to brim.

Our feet are swift, our faces burn,
Our hopes aspire like soaring birds;
The world takes courage from our words,
And sees the golden time return.

But ever near us, silent, cold,
Float those who bounded from the bank
With eager hearts, like us, and sank,
Because their feet were overbold.

They sank through breathing holes of vice,
Through treacherous sheens of unbelief;
They know not their despair and grief—
Their hearts and minds are turned to ice.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

The ugly look upon Bentinck Woodford's face did not wear off when Valentine informed him who he was; but his sullen and vindictive tone was exchanged for a sheepish one, as he rose slowly from the ground, and said:

"I suppose you'll tell the governor all this, and make a row about that little cut in your forehead?"

"Not unless you make a grievance about your two black eyes," answered the tutor, quietly. "I am sorry, now that I know who you are, that I punished you so severely, though the provocation, you must allow, was extreme."

There was genuine regret in Valentine Blake's words, and in his face something of true tenderness, as he held out his hand to the young fellow. There are some men who will never believe that pigs have no taste for pearls; who use sharpness with vile natures only at the last extremity, and are prompt to make their peace-offering even for that just severity; whom nothing cures of their misplaced faith and clemency to their lives' end.

Bentinck Woodford thrust both his hands into his pockets, and occupied himself with *kicking a hole in the ground with his heel.*

"Very well," said Valentine, coolly, "if we are not to be friends, it is for the best, perhaps, that we have settled the question of 'Who shall be master?'—I suppose I cannot mistake my way to the Hall, if I go straight on?"

"You mustn't go straight on," replied the young man, spitefully; "you must go all round that wood yonder. The path through it is strictly private, and only to be used by the governor's permission."

"Have you a right to use it yourself?" asked Valentine, without showing the least sign of irritation.

"Of course I have; ain't I his son and heir?"

"Very well, Bentinck; in that case, you will go home that way, and I shall go with you."

"But I'm not going home," remonstrated the young man, sullenly.

"You are, at all events, going to accompany me through that wood, and until we reach some public road. Do not let us fall out again, my young friend; come."

And so the two ill-assorted companions wound together through the copse's tender green to the little gate that opened upon the bridge that spanned the lake.

"You can't miss the road now," observed the young man sulkily; "but I shall stay here a little. If we went home together—and you with that cut in your forehead—the governor would be sure to say I did it. The way you got it, you know, was climbing up the Screes."

Valentine nodded carelessly, and slowly took the way thus pointed out to him, stopping to lean upon the bridge, and gazing, like a true campaigner, with eager scrutiny on the surrounding hills. The freshness of the stream induced him to descend the rugged bank and lave his face and hands in the running water; while engaged in this operation, a shrill, sharp voice exclaimed from the bridge above:

"What are you doing there, sir? Are you aware that you are infringing upon the rights of private property?" The speaker was a little withered old man, with glittering eyes, that surveyed Valentine's dusty garments with no great favor. "This is not a high-road to anywhere, sir," added he, sharply: "the way to Keswick lies over yonder."

"I am not a tramp, sir," returned Valentine, smiling gravely; "but I left the car in Blennerdale, to make my way over the hills; and coming up the Screes, I met, as you see, with an unpleasant accident."

"And serve you right too!" answered the old gentleman gruffly. "The idea of climbing up the Screes! And where on earth do you expect to meet your—your hired vehicle?"

"At Dewbank Hall, sir."

"Why, bless my soul, then you are Mr. Blake? You have not such a dreadful accent as most of your countrymen, or else I might have known you were the person I was expecting: nobody but an Irishman would begin his domestic duties with a broken head. Sir, I am Mr. Ernest Woodford."

At these words, Valentine sprang up the bank, and received his employer's middle-finger tip in token of welcome.

"I have already seen your son, sir, who pointed out for me the road."

"Umph!" replied Mr. Woodford, suspiciously. "I am surprised he was so civil. You have no easy task before you, Mr. Blake. A greater lout I never knew than that lad of mine."

"He is a very handsome young fellow," observed Valentine.

"Handsome is as handsome does, sir. I tell you he's a lout, and I suppose I ought to know," returned the old gentleman, snappishly. "You will have to keep your eye on him, morning, noon, and night. Don't spare him, sir, because he is my son. Pay no respect to the fact, that all that you see, from where we are now standing, will one day be his own: treat him as though the great Blennerdale wadhole—of which you have doubtless heard—had never been discovered. Did you see the last report in the *Commercial Times* about the Blennerdale wad, sir? I will show it you after dinner. The preference is absolutely given to it over Keswick Lead."

"Mr. Bentinck will meet with no indulgence at my hands because of his expectations, sir," replied Valentine. "The heir, you know, so long as he is a child, differeth in nothing from a servant."

"Ay, that's all very well; but it does not apply to the heir of such an estate as this; and besides, Ben is not a child. Mr. Blake, sir—" here the old man's voice changed to pleading tones—"I must have no secrets from you. Your references are so unimpeachable—and from persons of such good position—that I am sure I may confide in your honor; and besides," added he, naively, "you cannot but find it out for yourself before you've been a week in the house. My son is a man in everything in which it behoves him to be a child, and a baby only in those things in which he should have arrived at years of discretion. His extravagance is unbounded; his love for low company, his passion for physical violence, are something you can scarcely imagine. Who the devil he gets it from, is a marvel to me. Mrs. Woodford, sir, is a most inoffensive person, and the first-cousin, once removed, of the present head of Ballygaboolies. Upon the other hand, he exhibits no trace of the commercial sagacity that has enabled me to double the fortune left to me by my late father. Sir, you will have to teach him compound long-division."

The two, who had been hitherto walking on the high-road, now turned into the secluded carriage-drive that led towards the Hall.

"Look here!" continued the old man with angry vehemence, pointing to a beech-tree by the wayside; "he was picked up, only last night, under yonder tree. He could not reel home from the *Wrestler's Arms*. A few feet short of it, he would have fallen on the turnpike-road, and perhaps been run over by the carrier's cart before morning. Think of a life so invaluable as his being placed in such peril through vicious imprudence! I doubt whether any human being, since this world was made, has been so vexed and worried with an only son as I have been. Any other man would cut off such a scapegrace with a shilling, without the least hesitation; but, sir, I can't do it, so much of the property being strictly entailed. If anything was to happen to Ben, sir, nearly half the Woodford estate goes to another branch of the family; to persons most distasteful to me, and utterly unworthy of it. I make no apology for saying this; it is necessary, Mr. Blake, that you should be aware of the tremendous nature of your responsibilities. Here is a boy, connected upon one side with the best blood in Great Britain—what is called blue blood, I believe, by those who are curious in such matters—and on the other, with a representative man, if I may say so, of that class which has raised England to its present elevation among nations; and yet, what is the lad himself? a brawler, a sot, a— But hush! yonder is his mother. She feels all these things perhaps even more deeply than I do; but her aristocratic training causes her to repress all external signs of irritation. A Ballygabooly would no more confess to her mental tortures, than would a North American Indian at the stake."

The subject of this daring metaphor was walking slowly before them towards the Hall, supported by the arm of a younger lady. When the two gentlemen overtook them, Mrs. Woodford did not even turn her head, nor would she have stopped at all had it not been for her companion. "Here is Uncle Ernest, aunt—"

"And Mr. Valentine Blake, Bentinck's future tutor," added Mr. Woodford, speaking very loud.

"Ah! indeed," returned the old lady, bowing stiffly, and regarding the stranger with lack-lustre eyes. Her face would have been very sad but for its stolidity; it wore a look of chronic suffering, so natural to the features, that it somehow ceased to be painful. It was as though mortification of the feelings had taken place, and the soul could be wrung no more. "You will find the country very healthy, sir."

"He don't want health, ma'am, to look at him," observed Mr. Woodford, in what Mr. Murphy would have called "his early manner," "and most countries have agreed with him, I fancy. My niece, sir, Miss Evelyn Sefton—or Miss Evelyn, as everybody calls her."

Valentine Blake bowed low, so low that he scarcely met her gaze, and remained silent. Evelyn's face was quiet almost to sadness, but of a very different type of expression from that of her aunt. It was not the melancholy that supersedes pain, but the pensive seriousness that sets in at last upon the brightest natures, when their lot is cast among the Afflicted. With such persons, False Modesty has no place. Her calm, sweet voice addressed the stranger without a touch of ceremonious coldness. "My uncle tells me you have seen many lands, sir; I hope you will be compelled to confess that you have come home at last to behold the most beautiful of all. We are very zealous for Sandalthwaite and Lakeland."

In the recesses of his beard, the stranger was heard to murmur that the district seemed indeed most lovely

Evelyn noticed his embarrassment, and pitied the poor fellow for his shyness. "You have lived in South America, I understand?"

"Many, many years, Miss Sefton; it is a glorious land; but, after all, there is no place like home."

"That's Ireland, you will observe, Evy," said Mr. Woodford with a harsh laugh. "Upon my life, Mr. Blake, the presence of the ladies seems to bring out your accent, as the warmth brings out our adders in these parts."

Miss Sefton was either so taken up with her own reflections that she did not hear her uncle's rude remark, or, if she did, she chose to ignore it. "Have you ever been to Rio Janeiro, Mr. Blake?" asked she.

"My life has been passed in the more southern coasts, Miss Sefton—in Monte Video mostly, and the Rio Grande; but I have seen Rio Janeiro from the sea."

They had approached very near the Hall by this time, slowly as the party moved, in consideration for Mrs. Woodford, and the sun had lost its short-lived April power, yet, at Valentine Blake's last words, Evelyn hastily pulled down her veil; nor did she speak again, but as soon as they got within doors, left her uncle to entertain his newly arrived guest alone, until the dinner-hour.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. WOODFORD GIVES A BIT OF ADVICE.

"Why is that boy not here?" inquired Mr. Ernest Woodford angrily as the four sat down together. "This is the third time he has absented himself from table in the course of the present week. I won't have it, Clementina—I tell you I won't have it."

"I do not know why Bentinck is not here," replied Mrs. Woodford in slow, preoccupied tones.

"You never do, madam," answered the master of the house. "I might as well apply for domestic information to your poll-parrot. I daresay the people at the *Wrestler's Arms* could tell me where your son is, although it is quite possible that by this time he may not be in a condition to be aware of it himself. My dear Evy, it's not a bit of good looking so sagaciously at me, for I have kept nothing from Mr. Blake, and he fully understands the sort of young gentleman with whom he has to deal. Oh, here you are, are you, sir? A pretty time to present yourself at table! However, I am happy to say the soup is cold. Bring the fish, John. We do not wait for Mr. Bentinck."

The young gentleman, thus welcomed, took the vacant place that awaited him upon his mother's left without uttering a word.

"Who gave you those two black eyes, sir?" inquired his father presently. "You have been in another brawl, I suppose, since yesterday."

"A branch of a sapling flew up and struck me over the nose, father, as I was making my way through the copse."

"A lie with a circumstance," answered Mr. Woodford contemptuously. "Have you been over to the works, as I told you to do?"

"Yes, sir. Miles Ripson thinks that they are just coming upon another vein."

"Miles Ripson is a fool," returned Mr. Woodford decisively. "What does George Adams think about it?"

"He thinks the same."

"Very good. If he should turn out to be right, I shall shut up the wadhole for six months; there shall be no glut of Blennerdale lead in the market. That's the great *advantage of having a good balance at one's* banker's, Mr. Blake—a thing I daresay you are not much accustomed to—we can hold on as long as we like; then, sooner or later, we come to dictate our own terms. You learned gentlemen talk of Knowledge being Power, because you are bound to cry up the article you happen to have in stock: but, after all, there is nothing like wealth."

"That is true, Mr. Woodford," replied the tutor gravely: "there is nothing like it. Nothing so useful, and yet so dangerous; so powerful, and yet so likely to be misdirected. I am sure you did not mean your son to understand that because he is to be rich there is no occasion for him to acquire Knowledge."

"No, of course not," stammered Mr. Woodford. "He can't be such an idiot as to imagine that, when I've just gone to the expense—"

"Uncle Ernest, your wine-glass is in a very dangerous position," observed Evelyn earnestly.

Valentine shot a momentary glance of gratitude towards her for the timely interruption, and saw that her face was crimsoned with the apprehension of what her uncle might have been about to say. It was evident that Mr. Woodford perceived and accepted the rebuke which her tone conveyed, for he did not continue his reference to Mr. Blake's stipend.

"At the same time," observed he cynically, "it must not be forgotten that those who depreciate Wealth are, without exception, the people who don't possess it—persons whom Providence has placed out of the influence of that particular temptation—eh?"

"It is not to be expected, to use your own argument," returned the tutor smiling, "that folks should underrate the article they themselves have in stock: but I have known persons—or at least a person—who might have been very rich, without the sacrifice of a scruple of conscience, and yet refused to be so."

"Pooh, pooh; I don't believe it," answered Mr. Woodford bluntly.

"I cannot prevent your incredulity, sir; but the fact remains the same," observed the tutor very gravely. "The man I speak of has, to my own personal knowledge, refused a free gift from a whole nation of a sum which even an English millionaire would deem considerable."

"May I ask, sir, supposing the money was not in paper, and that he could have got clear off with it," inquired Mr. Woodford sneeringly, "whether this magnanimous friend of yours was also an Irishman?"

"No, sir," replied Valentine, with imperturbable good temper; "he was an Italian."

"Is this generous and noble person still alive?" asked Evelyn with interest.

"Yes, Miss Sefton. Giuseppe, I thank Heaven, for the world's sake, is still alive."

"And not in jail? Come now, confess," observed Mr. Woodford cunningly. "I have always observed that people who live for the human race, and not for themselves, do somehow invariably contrive to get into jail."

"Giuseppe has been in prison more than once," answered Valentine calmly.

"Did I not say so!" exclaimed Mr. Woodford, bringing his fist down on the table with a scornful laugh. "Why, I know the fellow as though I had seen him with my own eyes. Now, you take my advice, Mr. Blake—the advice of a man whose opinion is worth having—and don't you have anything more to do with this Quixotic individual, for, sooner or later, he'll come to the gallows."

"He has been at the gallows' foot before now, sir," answered the tutor, without moving a muscle.

"Well, that's candid, at all events!" returned his astonished host. "There's a proverb in England, Mr. Blake, which perhaps you may have forgotten, that a man is known by the companions he has kept; and really this Giuseppe—"

"I am to blame, sir," interrupted the tutor frankly. "To be known as the friend of him I speak of, is the highest title to which an honest man need aspire; but I should have told you what sort of prison he was confined in, and with what sort of gallows he was threatened. So far from committing a crime, Giuseppe is incapable of conceiving one; nay, he can hardly credit such a conception in another. It was his tender confidence which betrayed him into the hand of his political enemies, and it was they who threw him into duress, and would only have brought him out to die, if they had had their will."

"Ah, I see; he was one of your thorough-paced revolutionists. Now, my dear sir, if there is one thing I pride myself upon in this world, it is on being an Englishman; and I'll tell you, if you like, what we English think of the class of people to which this acquaintance of yours belongs."

"I am sure, sir," replied Valentine, looking steadfastly into the face of his host, and speaking with great distinctness, "that in whatever you said upon that subject, you would be particular to remember that you were speaking of an absent man in the presence of his attached and loving friend: but since it is a matter about which we are not likely to agree, perhaps it would be better not to broach it. As the ladies, however, seem interested in my hero, I daresay you will permit me to show them his portrait: he gave it to me, when I parted from him last year, with his own hands."

It was certainly curious to hear this great bearded man talking of his friend with the tender reverence of a lover for his mistress, and to see him handle the locket, which he took from around his neck, with the respect which a papist might show for the image of his patron saint; but Mr. Ernest Woodford was utterly confounded by such proceedings, and sat with his mouth open, and a morsel of food getting cold upon his fork, like some mechanical contrivance whose concerted movement has suddenly stopped working.

"It is a fine face, is it not, Miss Sefton?" said the tutor, placing the locket in his neighbor's hand.

"It is indeed," returned she. "What a victory do the mild eyes obtain over the rugged features!"

"That is just so," assented Valentine with eagerness. "There is a certain benign authority in their strength which seems to me to approach nigh to divinity itself."

Clementina languidly surveyed the portrait, and pronounced it to be wanting in *style. Mr. Bentinck* grunted "Humph!" and pushed it rudely back to Valentine. Mr. Woodford, whose wheels were again revolving, pursued his meal with resolute indifference, as though no object of greater interest than Mansfield pudding were on the table.

Valentine began to perceive, too late, that his enthusiasm had been at least ill-timed. Why had he not remembered Mr. Murphy's advice, and kept his opinions to himself, instead of bringing them under the notice of these vapid people, and consequently into ridicule? It was true that Miss Sefton had understood, and possibly sympathised with what he had said; but he felt that that circumstance placed him rather in a worse position with respect to the others. Mr. Woodford, at least, was scowling from under his shaggy brows, and Bentinck wore a malicious grin. The rest of the dinner was passed in almost total silence. When the ladies rose to leave the table, he felt that the presence of a third person, even if it were his loutish pupil, would have been a great relief, but the young gentleman slipped out, unrebuked, almost immediately afterwards, and left him to a tete-a-tete with Mr. Woodford.

"No wine?" ejaculated that gentleman irritably. "Why, you are as bad as Warton. No sooner have the women turned their backs than he cries out for his whiskey."

"I take no spirits either, sir, thank you," returned Valentine smiling.

"Oh, you keep your wits clear, do you, Mr. Blake? Well, I confess I like a man who takes his liquor; who meets one, as one may say, upon equal terms."

"Nay, rather than be supposed to take any advantage, I will drink some claret," replied the tutor good-naturedly.—"You were promising to show me some specimens of your Blennerdale lead, sir, after dinner."

"Was I?" returned the host suspiciously. "Well, here are two lumps upon the mantelpiece, each worth their weight in silver. You have no such rich mines in South America, I fancy?"

"But there are diamond mines, you know, sir; although I cannot say I ever chanced to see one."

"Ay, I am astonished at that," observed the other sneeringly; "you travellers generally do see everything, although you so very rarely bring home a specimen of the wonder. I daresay you have a shrewd notion, now, in your own mind, Mr. Blake, that my wadhole here in Blennerdale is better worth having than most of the Golcondas in the part of the world from whence you come?"

"Well, really, sir, I am no judge," replied Valentine coolly. "But from what you tell me about the value of the lead—and supposing that there is plenty of it in your mine—it must, of course, be a source of great wealth."

"Yes," said Mr. Woodford, with half-shut eyes, and his head upon one side, like Reynard the fox; "and I daresay you think that everybody connected with me must consequently be well off—eh?"

"I have never thought about it, Mr. Woodford. You told me yourself, however, that your son would inherit a great property."

"Yes, Mr. Blake, so I did; but it might have also struck you, that where there was so much money going, there would be plenty to spare for everybody; that my niece, Evelyn Sefton, for instance, would be likely to have a pretty penny some day."

"Such an idea never entered into my thoughts, sir," observed the tutor quietly; "but since you mention it, I should suppose Miss Sefton was a young lady of some expectations."

"Well, now, Mr. Blake, since you are going to be an inmate of this house, it is as well that you should understand this matter clearly. My niece has only a few hundred pounds of her own; not sufficient to tempt any young fellow to saddle himself with a wife, I do assure you. You'll excuse my speaking so bluntly—you can't help yourself, I know—but you're an Irishman."

Here Valentine Blake, rather to his host's embarrassment, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, of course you've got good spirits," continued Mr. Woodford disdainfully. "Your countrymen are never without them. Many of them—mind, I only say many of them; there may be exceptions, of course—many of them prosecute their stratagems under cover of this very good-fellowship; they are so candid, confound them! that nobody gives them credit for cunning. I speak feelingly, because there was just such a fellow once in this very house, sitting as it might be in your very place, and laughing in my face just as you did a minute ago, and yet, sir, that man was nothing less than a crafty fortune-hunter. He stole my sister away from under my roof. It is true that she didn't require much stealing—a very gentle pressure suffices when a young lady is eight-and-thirty—but he was a rascal all the same. Now, that gentleman made a great mistake in what he did, and has derived much less pecuniary advantage, thanks to Bentinck's arrival, than he expected; but Mr. Claude Murphy's bargain would be a good one in comparison with that which the man would make who married my niece Evelyn without my consent. She has no fortune of her own, sir, whatever, and is entirely dependent upon my Will—when I choose to make one—for whatever she will possess in future.—Do I make myself intelligible to you, Mr. Blake?"

"You are very frank, sir," observed the tutor quietly. "Nobody can accuse you of false delicacy, I am sure."

"I hope not, sir. Why should a man in my position be delicate, I should like to know? and, besides, ain't I speaking to you for your own good?"

"Very true, Mr. Woodford," rejoined the tutor thoughtfully. "But however well-meant your warning may be, it is, I assure you, wholly unnecessary; for, not to make your niece any longer the subject of our conversation—which, I feel, so far as I am concerned, would be to commit an impertinence—I beg to assure you that my humble affections are already engaged."

It was strange that only a few days before, Valentine Blake had had occasion to make the same avowal to Mrs. Murphy; and perhaps stranger still, that the tone in which he made it should have convinced, as it did in each case, notwithstanding their natural skepticism, the persons to whom it was addressed.

"I am deuced glad to hear you say so, Mr. Blake," returned his host with genuine pleasure.—"Come, pass the claret. Here's to your friend Giuseppe, and—although I don't *think it probable*—may he die with his shoes off!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVELYN'S TROUBLES.

When the ladies left the Black Squire and his guest to that *tete-a-tete* which we have recorded in the last chapter, Mrs. Woodford retired as usual to her boudoir. Evelyn accompanied her, lest her aunt should feel inclined for a game of back-gammon; but Clementina was too exhausted with the unwonted effort of entertaining a stranger at dinner, for so energetic a pastime. She lay down on the sofa, and took up the eternal embroidery-frame, which was study and leisure, pleasure and business, to her all in one; nay, it was more to her than such occupations are to those, even of her own sex, who are most devoted to them, for it occupied the place of conversation. Her niece was quite astonished when, after a stitch or two, her aunt opened her thin lips for the passage of an observation.

"Evelyn," said she, in a voice less listless than usual, "you like this man who has come to be your cousin's tutor?"

"Yes, aunt, I do."

"I am glad to hear you say that, dear; not because you are telling the truth—for I would rather he had not taken your fancy—but because you tell it so frankly. If you had given me an evasive answer, I should have feared that something more than your fancy was touched. I am a selfish old woman, you know, and I should be sorry to see you fall in love with anybody."

"There is no fear, aunt."

"Yes there is," returned Clementina, quietly: "there is always fear for an old woman like me—friendless, alone, unhappy—that is, I mean, but for you, my dear—when I think of the possibility of your leaving me. I should not have minded your marrying Charles Woodford, for I think he would have been good to me; but since your Aunt Selina got him put out of the way—Oh yes she did: you have suffered at that woman's hands almost as much as I have done—I trust you will not marry at all, until I am dead. You are still very beautiful, although you are not very young, and I shall not keep you long."

"Pray, don't talk so, dear aunt; you are weak and tired; try and get a little sleep. Uncle will, I daresay, be longer in the smoking-room than usual to-night; but if I do not come back in time to make tea, please tell Mary to say that I have stepped over to the parsonage—that is, if you should not feel well enough to go down to the drawing-room yourself."

"Very well, Evelyn. But stop a moment—I don't see the key in the escritoire."

"Mary has it, aunt," returned the girl, with a deep-drawn sigh. "I hoped you would have no need of it."

"More than ever, child—more than ever," replied Clementina, peevishly. "Send Mary up to me; and don't be longer than you can help. Evelyn, you don't know what it is—you who have your books and your pleasant thoughts—to be left alone."

Ere Evelyn left the house, she sought, therefore, what was called the "housekeeper's room," where Mary Ripson was always to be found, whose special mission it had become of late years to wait upon Mrs. Woodford. Mary had had no open quarrel

with her husband, but she had not lived under the same roof with him since he had left "the Nook," which he had been obliged to do very soon after his unpleasant interview with Dr. Warton at the Wishing-gate. The farm was let, and Miles, as we have said, was once more employed at the wad-mine, in no very superior condition to that which he had formerly occupied; while George Adams was head-manager of the works. It was the old, old tale of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, which never lacks modern illustration. Her semi-widowhood had by no means preyed upon Mary's mind; and although she was no longer young, being indeed, not far from forty, her form was buxom, and her face more cheerful, if not quite so comely as when she was a bride. As foster-mother to the baby-heir, she had had the run of the library, as well as of the larder, at Dewbank Hall, and as the confidential attendant of Mrs. Woodford, she had parted with neither of these perquisites. Even now, as Evelyn enters the snug little apartment on the ground-floor, she finds Mary Ripson sitting before the cozy fire, culling enjoyment, now from the realms of fancy, for she holds a volume of romances in her hand, and now from a less ethereal source, in the shape of liberally buttered toast, which lies upon the tea-tray by her side.

"Lor, Miss Evelyn, how you did make me jump!" cried she. "I was just getting to the place where the Lady Geraldine thinks she sees the eyes of her great-grandfather's picture a-blinking at her from the wall, and has a suspicion that somebody is behind it."

"I am going out to the parsonage, Mary, and you had better keep your mistress company while I am gone: she is in very bad spirits to-night, indeed."

"And no wonder, miss, with the shameful way in which she sees poor Master Bentinck treated. Think of their sending to London for a man with a great beard to keep him in order, as though he were a mere child, instead of as handsome and well-grown a young fellow as any gentleman in the country!"

"Ah, you always spoiled Cousin Bentinck, Mary," returned Evelyn, holding up her finger reprovingly. "I don't know whether his faults are not owing to you as much as to anybody. I am as sorry for him as you can be: but I think it was high time that he should have somebody to look after him."

"Oh, *he* 'll do well enough, don't fear, miss. He's a little frolicsome, that's all. Now, if he only had a nice wife—"

"A wife, Mary? Why, Bentinck is not eighteen."

"Well, Miss Evy, I was only eighteen when I was married."

A sufficient reply might have been easily made to this by a reference to the result of the union in question, but Evelyn's nature was far too gentle to make use of such an argument. "Then you were a woman, Mary, and that makes all the difference," said she. "I do hope you have never spoken to Bentinck himself in this way?"

"No, miss, not I. But what I say is, where there is Love between two young folks—and plenty besides love to keep them upon afterwards—and especially if the laddie is inclined to be unsteady—it is better that they should be man and wife."

"Better for one, possibly, although I doubt *that*, but certainly not for the other," returned Evelyn decisively. "I should be exceedingly sorry for any respectable girl who should marry my cousin before he comes to years of discretion. It is nothing, however, concerning Bentinck that makes my aunt so low-spirited this evening, and be sure you go up to her as soon as you have had your tea."

Evelyn's face grew very grave as she left the house and took her way along the dusky avenue, as though the mission upon which she was bent had acquired a more serious aspect within the last few minutes.

"If Mary is really encouraging him," said she to herself, "it is the more necessary that I should be firm. What would my uncle say, if he did but guess at Bentinck's imprudence, and what effect might it not have upon my unhappy aunt?"

Immersed in thought, she moved mechanically over the well-known ground, always in shade, and sometimes in absolute darkness, until she was presently brought to halt in a narrow lane by the noise of hurrying steps: she was not sure for the moment whether it was man or horse that was coming, and drew under the hedgerow for safety. A man passed by her at full speed, yet not so fast but that she felt sure she recognized her Cousin Bentinck.

"He is hastening home, in order that I may not observe his absence," sighed she. "I wish he would at least be honest and open with me." A few steps further, the fresh evening air became laden with the scent of flowers, whereby she knew better than her sight could tell her, in that full-foliaged place, that she was approaching Mr. Wilson's garden. The little white gate which showed itself in the quickset was still in motion, and she easily guessed whose hasty exit had set it swinging. How peaceful the pastor's cottage looked, guarded by its two fair sycamores, and looking down across its open lawn upon the sleeping lake!

Through the unshuttered windows of the little parlor, she could see Mr. Wilson bending his white head over the writing-table, and his still fair wife briskly plying her needle. The young May moon would shine that night upon no simpler and more loving pair than they. Their circumstances, through her uncle's influence, were greatly better than they had formerly been, although still very humble; the books, with which the room was plentifully furnished, had been Evelyn's own gift, and the silver reading-lamp, by the light of which the good man was now composing his discourse for the next Sabbath. But the spectatress looked in vain for that which was wont to be the chief ornament of that pleasant room, their daughter, Lucy Wilson, the Flower of Sandalthwaite.

Across the lattice of an upper bedroom window, however, Evelyn saw a shadow which she knew; the substance of it came towards the toilet-table, looked into the mirror, and there delayed, doubtless "well pleased to find itself so fair;" then placed with care, in a little glass, some object, which the watcher took to be a flower, bent down to kiss it, and then the room was dark. The next moment, Evelyn had turned the handle of the house-door, and met Lucy in the little hall, just as she was about to enter the parlor.

"I want to speak to you, Lucy," said she in a low grave voice; "and not before your father and mother."

"Just as you please, Evelyn," returned the other petulantly. "How you frightened me, coming upon one all of a sudden and in the dark!"

"No; just as *you* please, Lucy," replied Evelyn with quiet firmness. "It is to spare you that I ask to speak with you in private; for my own part, I am ready, and would much prefer to say what I have to say in yonder room."

The tone in which she spoke was almost motherly in its patient tenderness; and yet the pair might well have been taken for sisters, with no great span of time between them; for Evelyn was very young-looking for her time of life, and Lucy was so womanly for her tender years, that the one might have been two-and-twenty, and the other just of age. The sedate and thoughtful expression of the elder contrasted, however, strongly enough with the other's eager but indecisive face, with its delicate color ebbing and flowing with every change of thought, and its tender, assenting, almond-shaped eyes.

"Let us go into the garden then," returned Lucy; "not that I have anything to be ashamed of, Evelyn, whatever it is that you may have to say."

"God forbid, dear Lucy. I never supposed that you wished to break your father's heart. There he is, look you, and your mother too! Let us sit upon this bench, whence we can see them. What do you think he would say—what would he feel, if he knew that his only daughter gave clandestine interviews to a young man, whom she knows can never marry her?"

"Eavesdropper!" cried Lucy, starting passionately from her seat; "it is *you* who ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Hush, hush; you know me better, dear girl, than to think that. I came here, it is true, this evening to have some serious talk with you about my cousin; but I never dreamed that matters had gone so far between you. I met him just now running down the hill, like a thief in the night. Yes, I say a thief, and he came to steal what is far more precious to you than gold—your good name, Lucy Wilson."

"How dare you talk to me like that, Miss Sefton?" sobbed Lucy angrily, "and to speak so ill of your own cousin, too!"

"I dare talk thus because I love you, Lucy, and I dare speak thus of Bentinck Woodford because I know him," answered Evelyn firmly. "When I look upon your fair face, I cannot blame him for having fallen in love with it, but it is very base of him to have told you so. If he were an impulsive lad, who would give up home and friends, and all present comfort, for your sake, I could forgive him; but that is not his character. If he had the boldness to say to his father: 'My heart is fixed upon Lucy Wilson, and I mean to marry her,' there would be something to admire even in his undutifulness; but he has no such courage. He will never marry you without his father's consent, Lucy; and while Ernest Woodford lives, that consent will never be given."

"We are young, and we can wait," cried Lucy, dropping her eyelids.

"Did Bentinck propose waiting?" returned Evelyn gravely. "O, Lucy, Lucy, there can be no great distance of time ere that gray head in yonder room is laid in the churchyard, but beware how you shorten it by your own act! It is not my place, I know—it is your mother's place—to speak to you thus, dear girl: but she does not guess what I know. Like your good father—nay, like your innocent self—she does not dream of harm."

"And there *is* no harm!" exclaimed Lucy passionately. "I will not submit to such injurious things. I will not listen to another word, Miss Sefton."

"Perhaps it is better so," said Evelyn thoughtfully. "I will go in at once, and speak to your parents."

"They will not believe you," returned the young girl vehemently.

"They will not believe me, Lucy!" echoed Evelyn with astonishment. "What, then, are you conscious of having committed a folly—to call it by the mildest name—so great that your father and mother would never credit it! Then, if they will not listen to me, I know who will; I will go straight to my uncle, as I ought to have done long ago, perhaps—"

"O Evelyn, Evelyn, for Heaven's sake, do not do that!" cried Lucy, clasping her hands. "You do not know how angry Bentinck will be; he will think I told you that he was here to-night."

"Are you then afraid of him, Lucy?" answered Evelyn gravely. "If so, you should thank Heaven, girl, that you can never be his wife. His anger cannot hurt you *now*."

"But you will hurt *him*. Remember how hardly his father thinks of him already. O spare him, spare him, Evelyn, for my sake!"

"It is for your sake that I dare not spare him, Lucy, although God knows I would do so if I could. I have stood between him and my uncle's wrath a hundred times: you know I have."

"But if he promises never to come hither again without your leave!"

"He did promise that, Lucy, not a week ago, and he has broken his word to me, as he will one day break it with you. There is no truth, alas, in Bentinck Woodford—none."

"But if *I* promise, Evelyn? If I solemnly declare that he shall have no private interview with me, henceforth; that unless his father consents—well, unless some change in his circumstances shall arise which should make our union possible, we shall be but as brother and sister, mere acquaintances, if you will have it so—but do not, do not tell Mr. Woodford, for mercy's sake." Rising from the bench beneath the sycamore, on which they both were sitting, Lucy threw herself on her knees before her friend with streaming eyes.

Evelyn gently raised her, and folded her in her arms like a penitent child. "Yet this once more, I will not tell my uncle," answered she. "I feel that I am weak to thus give way, but I put trust in your plighted word, Lucy. I hope, I pray you may not deceive me. If you do—"

"I won't, I won't!" interrupted Lucy passionately; "my dear, kind Evelyn, I never, never will!"

"If you do," continued the other with solemnity, "you will repent it as never woman did—See! your father has done his writing, and will be presently asking for his darling. For seventy years, that man has walked with God, Lucy; beware, lest any conduct of yours make him imagine that God has abandoned him in his old age. I am older than you, Lucy; I have not lived among simple, guileless folk, as you have. I have heard things—and know them to be true—of Bentinck Woodford that I must not tell you, but which make me shudder when I think of his coming here to-night. I blush to have to say such things of my own flesh and blood; but these lips are honest ones, dear girl; the last which pressed your cheek were false and selfish. God bless and guard you, Lucy!"

Not trusting herself to stay another moment, lest she should say too much, yet fearing that she had left something unsaid where argument was so necessary to be urged, Evelyn tore herself away from the half-fainting girl, and hastened home. How fortunate it was that she had chosen that evening to give the warning she had long felt to be necessary, but which, with natural reluctance, she had delayed to offer. By hints alone, which Lucy had persisted in ignoring, had she hitherto endeavored to awaken the simple girl to the danger of encouraging the attentions of her reckless cousin; but to Bentinck himself she had spoken plainly, weeks ago. He had answered, bluntly enough, that he was not such a fool—not so blind, that is, to the disadvantages of such a union—as to think of making Lucy Wilson his wife; that a little flirtation was all that he proposed to himself; and where was the harm of that, he would like to know? In vain Evelyn pointed out to him the wrong he was doing in thus trifling with the affections of one even more childlike in experience of the world than she was in years. He had replied with a levity, nay, almost with brutality, to her appeal. As she listened to him, the recollection of the village gossip, which had invaded her ears of late, respecting the young man's conduct, involuntarily recurred to her mind, and seemed to freeze her blood. Was it possible that this mere lad could be the selfish reprobate which report had painted him? Sooner or later, the Vicious, she had read, will always become Heartless; but it had seemed incredible that one so young as her cousin should already be in that condition. With just indignation, she threatened that, if he continued to pay his addresses to the curate's daughter, she would disclose the matter to her uncle; and then he changed his tone. He protested that nothing had passed between him and Lucy of a serious sort, and that for the future he would avoid Gable End altogether. He passed his word as a gentleman, and Evelyn had believed him, in spite of several former occasions on which he had proved unworthy of credit; and now he had had a clandestine interview with Lucy that very evening, which was probably not the first by many.

Evelyn's heart was heavy with thought *ere she reached the Hall. The gentleman*, she was told, had had coffee in the smoking-room, and would not take tea. She repaired, therefore, not to the drawing-room, but to her aunt's boudoir, where Mary Ripson was sitting with the same enthralling volume in her hand, for she was not a rapid reader. Mrs. Woodford was on the sofa, as she had left her, but the embroidery-frame lay on the table beside her, and she was fast asleep. Evelyn stole quietly to her side, and stooped down as though to kiss her cheek; then turned a glance, half-sorrowful, half-expostulatory, upon the student of romance. "Yes, miss, she *would* do it," whispered Mary in answer to her look. "I know it's bad for her, but what could I do? and besides, it really seems to be her only comfort, poor lady."

"What a dreadful house this is!" murmured Evelyn to herself; but Mary's sharp ears caught her words. "Dreadful, miss? Lor bless me, why should that be? Missus is not very strong, that's all, and wants something to soothe her."

Evelyn made no reply, but going into her own apartment, threw up the window to its full height, and sat there with anguished face, drinking in the cool night-air: the atmosphere of the room from which she had just come was heavy with the fumes of Opium. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An average of one newspaper dies weekly in the United States.

☞ The Germans are in ecstacies over the marvelously cheap editions of their standard poets, which the leading publishing houses offer them since the valuable copyrights have expired. Schiller's poems, neatly printed on good paper, can now be bought for five cents.

☞ M. Flourens, who lately promulgated the theory that a man ought to live to the age of two hundred years, has with singular inconsistency, died at the age of seventy-four years.

☞ The farmers of northern Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, have already received fifteen million dollars more for their crops of 1867, than they did for those of 1866.

☞ Diamonds have recently been made in Germany, by stirring up powdered charcoal, and then passing an electric current through it for six months. In this way small crystalized diamonds have been made, but the cost was much greater than the original diamond.

☞ In Munich, two men lately drank a Bavarian Beer match. The winner absorbed one hundred and ninety-five glasses in an hour, and was the next day bought for a brewery.

☞ The Paris Rothschild recently had a royal shooting party at his country seat, the peculiar feature of the entertainment being the engagement of the celebrated surgeon Nelaton, who presided at a pavilion where all the wounded hares, pheasants, etc., were conveyed by a regular ambulance service, their limbs reset, their wounds dressed and themselves put in condition to serve another time.

☞ Gold has been discovered in gravel deposits in California, and they are said to be so valuable that the yield of gold from that state will be considerably increased in the future.

☞ If you cannot bite, never show your teeth.

☞ Truth is the basis of all excellence.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Round thy neck, where these arms have so oft been entwined,
Fold this comforter, knitted of wool;
But don't let the ends of it hang down behind,
For the rude little street-boys to pull.
It may save you, my own, from a cruel catarrh,
Or a terrible cold in your head;
For the truth bids me own—all beloved as you are—
You're not nice when your nose is so red.

For the whispers of love 'twill preserve that dear voice,
For allow me to state, if you please,
It's not cheerful to have the young man of your choice
At your vows of fidelity sneeze.
And if after marriage, some night at the club,
Till late hours you are tempted to roam,
Round your neck its warm scrub may remind my dear hub
Of a comforter waiting at home.

Sir Robert Peel.

When Sir Robert Peel, then a youth, began business as a cotton-printer, near Bury, he lodged with his partner, William Yates, paying eight shillings and sixpence per week for board and lodging. "William Yates' eldest child," says our author, "was a girl named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning home from his hard day's work at 'The Ground,' he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her—'Nelly, thou bonnie little dear, wilt thou be my wife?' to which the child would answer 'Yes,' as any child would do. 'Then I'll wait thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee, and none else.' And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened, and after the lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was, on every emergency, the high-toned and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence, for Sir Robert Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the baronetcy had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that London fashionable life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to—proved injurious to her health. Old Wm. Yates was accustomed to say: 'If Robert hadn't made our Nelly a "lady," she might ha' been living yet.'"
—*Self Help.*

Russian Cruelty.

The King of Prussia, in his correspondence with Voltaire, related the following anecdote of the Czar Peter the Great, as illustrative of Russian despotism:

"I knew Printz, the great marshal of the court of Prussia, who had been ambassador to Czar Peter, in the region of that despot. The commission with which he was charged proving very acceptable, the Prince was desirous of giving him conspicuous marks of his satisfaction, and for this purpose a sumptuous banquet was prepared, to which Printz was invited. They drank brandy, as is customary with the Russians, and they drank it to excess. The Czar, who wished to give a particular grace to entertainment, sent for twenty of the Strelitz Guards, who were confined in the prisons of Petersburgh, and for every large bumper which they drank, this hideous monster struck off the head of one of these wretches. As a particular mark of respect, this unnatural Prince was desirous of procuring the ambassador the pleasure, as he termed it, of trying his skill upon the miserable creatures. The Czar was disposed to be angry at his refusal, and could not help betraying signs of his displeasure."

A Curious Practice.

In a private letter from Dr. Charles Dorat, Santa Anna, State of Salvador, Central America, he says:—"I will mention a curious case of native surgery I witnessed a short time ago. The patient had received a severe stab in the abdomen, from which protruded about half a yard of intestine and a portion of omentum, the former having a longitudinal slit about three inches long. On my arrival I found an Indian 'medico' had sewed up the wound with the nippers of a large ant. The insect, which is very savage, was taken by the body and its head presented to the united lips of the wound, which it bit and held fast. The operator then, by a pinch of the fingers, kills the ant (nipping off its body) and leaving its head fixed to the intestine. Another and another ant thus applied, to the amount of a dozen or fifteen, effected this singular suture. The intestine was replaced, and no inflammation ensuing, the man recovered speedily. This curious practice is said to be usual in this part of Central America."

☞ A boy who had fallen into the water while skating, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, on Friday, was rescued by another 11 years of age, Peter McRobie, who swam under the ice, broke it with his fist from beneath, sustained the drowning lad by "treading water," and in spite of the warnings of the bystanders, clung to his burden, holding him in such a way as to avoid being himself dragged down, until they were both safely landed. That is a son to be proud of.

☞ LOVE.—A matter-of-fact philosopher asserts that "Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow."

☞ CORAL.—A large part of the so-called "coral jewelry" is prepared artificially from marble dust made into paste by a very siccative oil varnish or soluble glass—silicate of potash—and a little isinglass, and colored by Chinese vermilion.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

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Living Lilliputians.

Still another discovery—this time from the eastern coast of Africa. Here, according to Greek tradition, the home of the Pigmies, certain veracious travellers profess to have discovered a Lilliputian race, who are not more than half a metre high (about a foot and a half.) These little people are black, extremely intelligent, and social, and amiable in their behavior toward their neighbors. They are designated among these latter by the name of Cincelli, which means wonderful. L'Universe, which relates the discovery of these surprising people, recommends such of its readers as wish to obtain a vivid idea of them, to study, at the Museum of the Faculty of Medicine, the wax statue of Nicholas Bebe Ferri. This was the dwarf who in the last century was the darling of King Stanislaus, of Poland, and who was accustomed to be put to bed in a good-sized slipper.

☞ Recently, an Ave Maria was sung at the Church of St. Eustache, in Paris, by a charming mezzo-soprano, of a remarkably pure and crystalline, and particularly thrilling tone. So far, however, there is nothing extraordinary, but the voice belongs to a young man who was an obscure member of an Opheonic Society somewhere or other in the provinces, in Calais, who worked very hard and gave himself a great deal of trouble, and only arrived at singing very indifferently the tenor or baritone parts, as the case might be. One evening, after a fatiguing rehearsal, the conscientious vocalist retired to rest, suffering from a very decided sore throat. The next day, on awakening, young Lejune immediately tried his G, and what a surprise! a pure soprano note issued from his astonished throat. Without an accident of any kind, with only the precursor of a slight sore throat, he had suddenly become a sopranist at three-and-twenty.

☞ The Wisconsin State Register tells of a man living in Keena, in that state, who was buried seventy-five feet under ground by the caving in of the sides of a well, at the bottom of which he was working. He was covered with over sixty feet of earth and rubbish, but at the end of *four days* his neighbors dug him out and restored him, alive and well, to his family. Upon coming to the surface it was found that the terrors of his subterranean prison had whitened his hair.

☞ An English contractor, for merely attempting to swindle the Government in the matter of supplies for the Abyssinian expedition, has received five years' penal servitude. We do things differently in America—we give them another and bigger contract.

☞ Deep River and Centre Brook, Connecticut, according to the Litchfield Sentinel, are the only towns in the United States where piano keys and ivory combs are manufactured.

☞ At Germania, a small village in the town of Greenfield, Wisconsin, something unusual, resulting almost fatally, occurred at the store of Jacob Lovenville, while tapping a barrel of vinegar by inserting the faucet. Bringing a light in contact with the gas emitting from the insertion, the vinegar ignited and the barrel exploded, the head of the same passing through a door, the ignited fluid flying in the face of a young German in the employ of Messrs. J. S. Cone & Co., burning his face and head so severely, that his eyesight is despaired of.

☞ The inventor of the needle gun, whose death was noticed some weeks since, was so tender-hearted that he would not kill a fly.

☞ In a sleigh race which took place on Saturday from Brunswick to Portland, Me., the winning horse made the distance of twenty-six miles in one hour and fifty-five minutes.

☞ A newly arrived Briton hiring a sleigh at Norwich, Conn., a few days ago, being asked if he would have a buffalo, said he thought "'d rather 'ave ha 'oss."

A Hint to Sunday-School Teachers.

To that wilderness he, "the glorious Eremite" was led, "*to be tempted of the devil.*" Very remarkable is the prominence which Satan assumes in the New Testament, compared with the manner in which he and the whole doctrine concerning him are kept in the background in the Old. There, after the first appearance of the adversary in Paradise, which even itself is a veiled appearance, he is withdrawn for a long while altogether from the scene; nay, there is but a glimpse of him, a passing indication here and there of such a spiritual head of the kingdom of evil, through the whole earlier economy—as in the first and second chapters of Job, Zech. iii: 1-2, and 1 Chron. xxi: 1; he is only referred to twice in the Apocrypha (Wisd. ii: 24; Ecclus. xxi: 27.) This may partly be explained by an analogy drawn from things natural, namely, that where the lights are brightest, the shadows are darkest. Height and depth are correlatives of one another. It is right which first reveals wrong; and hate can only be real as hate in the light of love; and unholiness in the light of purity. But this does not explain the reticence of Scripture altogether. No doubt in that childhood of the human race, men were not yet ripe for this knowledge. For as many took it in earnest, as it deserves to be taken, for them it would have been too dreadful thus to know of a prince of the powers of darkness, until they had known first of the Prince of Light. Those, therefore, whom God is educating are not allowed to understand anything very distinctly of Satan, till with the spiritual eye it is given to them to behold him as lightning fall from heaven; then indeed, but not till then, the Scripture speaks of him plainly and without reserve. We may perhaps take a hint from this in the teaching of children. The order which was observed of God in the teaching of our race, the reticence, *almost* entire, but not perfectly so, which was observed in the childhood of our race, may be profitably observed also with children; as also with those whose faculties are as yet spiritually undeveloped. "I write unto you little children," says the apostle St. John, "because ye have known the Father" (1 John ii: 13); this was what they had learned from him, even a heavenly Father's love; but he proceeds: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and *ye have overcome the wicked one*" (ver. 14). To them, to the strong, it was given to know that they wrestled not against flesh and blood, but against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places (Ephes. vi: 12.)—*Trench on the Gospels.*

Fish as Food.

There is much nourishment in fish—little less than butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its soft fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is in fish a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, namely, iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which the civilized, the highly educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that in the majority of fish the proportion of solid matter—that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part—is little inferior to the several kinds of butcher's meat, game, or poultry. And if we give attention to classes of people classed as to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong and healthy. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust, active men, or a greater exemption from maladies.

☞ "THE STAR IN THE EAST."—The Christmas season suggests the question whether the star seen by the wise men was really in the eastern heavens, as many suppose, or somewhere else. They came from the East, and the star went before them till it stood over the new-born child. Hence the star must have been in the western part of the heavens, and if the text had been translated, that they in the East had seen His star, no mistake would have arisen.

☞ "What air woman's *spear?*" asked a man of a literal old codger, and then answered himself—"it air the domestic hearth, air." The old codger scratched his head a moment, and then said, "But if her house is heated with furnaces, and she ain't got no hearth, what air her *spear* then?"

☞ "Boy, why don't you go to school?" "'Cause, sir, daddy is afeared that if I larns everything now I shan't have anything to larn ven I comes to the 'cademy."

☞ The human ear is so extremely sensitive, that it can hear a sound that lasts only the twenty-fourth thousand part of a second.

☞ It may seem paradoxical, but you cannot deny the very fact, that the breaking of an army's wing is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

☞ Timber in France is dyed by dyes poured upon the roots of the trees.

☞ The weak and ignorant are apt to mistake their superstitious terrors for moral impressions.

☞ Two sciences are employed by teamers in driving oxen—*Husticulture* and *Geology*.

☞ Chicago yields the palm, in the matter of divorces, to Indianapolis.

☞ If beauty draws us by a single hair, who can resist a whole waterfall?

☞ A Wisconsin girl, who became crazy at the death of her mother, was immediately restored to reason when matrimony was proposed.

☞ Scarlet silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.

☞ A false friend and a shadow attend only when the sun shines.

☞ There is an insurance company in New York which is said to be extremely lucky in escaping heavy drafts for losses by fire. A New York paper says that its secretary attributes its good luck to the fact that it always tries to confine its risks to "pig iron in the basement."

☞ When a fish is wounded, the other fishes fall upon and devour him. There's some human nature in fishes.

Extracting a Serpent's Fangs.

A short time ago there was presented to the Museum of the Kentucky Agricultural College a live rattlesnake, about seven feet long, and, for fear that he should some day bite some one, it was determined to extract his fangs. So, on Tuesday, Professor Coleman and his two assistants prepared themselves for the operation. Several pairs of forceps, tongs, etc., were called into requisition. First, a pair of gas fitter's tongs were carefully wrapped with bits of cotton rags, so as not to bruise or hurt his snakeship. Slipping these back of his head, and bringing it gently over the top of the box in which he was secured, the lid being shut down to prevent his coiling around anything, with a pair of forceps his lower jaw was laid back like the mouth of an alligator, and a square block of pine pressed down his throat to prevent his shutting his mouth, and the folds of skin pushed to one side, the fangs open like a knife, and are apparently hinged to the jaw, back of which lay the sac in which the virus or poison is ejected through the tubes of the fangs, which he did very copiously, fortunately not on any one. This fang was extracted, breaking off a small portion, and the same operation performed in extracting the other more successfully, getting it out whole, preserving the fangs and the virus. The regent witnessed the operation, taking good care in having the door between him and the operators.—*Lexington Gazette.*

Removing a Tight Finger Ring.

It is seldom necessary to file off a ring which is too tight to readily pass the joint of the finger. If the finger is swollen, apply cold water to reduce the inflammation, then wrap a small rag wet in hot water around the ring, to expand the metal, and soap the finger. A needle threaded with strong silk can then be passed between the ring and finger, and a person holding the two ends and pulling the silk, while slowly sliding it around the outside of the ring, may readily remove the ring. If the ring is a plain hoop, this process is easy; if it has a setting or protuberance, more care will be required. Another method is to pass a piece of sewing silk under the ring, and wind the thread in pretty close spirals and snugly around the finger to the end. Then take the lower end—that below the ring—and begin unwinding. The ring is certain to be removed, unless the silk is weak. The winding compresses the finger, and renders the operation less difficult.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—Of members of the present Congress Senator Conklin is the best dressed. His wife is a sister of Gov. Seymour. Speaker Colfax is said to be the most rapid talker ever heard at Washington. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, never talks more than ten minutes, and is one of the most influential Democrats in the House. Hooper, of Massachusetts, is said to give the best dinners of any man in Congress. Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, has the strongest voice, Logan the loudest, Colfax the deepest, Thad. Stevens the weakest, and Banks and Kelly the stentorianest.

From the Evangelist, N. Y. City.

The immense transactions of the American Tea Company enable it to offer all the advantages of combination on a large scale, to its customers. That its business is well and fairly transacted, the very fact that it continues to grow and prosper, is the best evidence.

☞ A clergyman, in struggling to explain the warming, vivifying influence of divine love in the heart of man, at last said, "Why, *love* is the elementary principle of warmth and life, as may be seen by the fact that on the coldest winter's day a loving young couple will be all aglow in a room in which a frosty old bachelor would freeze to death."

☞ A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.

☞ Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. G.?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

☞ A gift entertainment in Louisville advertised to present a horse to the holder of the lucky number. When a toy horse was brought out as the prize, the audience couldn't see the joke.

☞ The Machias (Me.) Union says a young lady at A—— has sold the privilege of wearing a waterfall so long as she lives. What a tremendous self-denial is that!

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull. About 5000 bbls sold in lots to the retailers and bakers, including superfine, at $7,50@8,50; extra at $8,50@9,25; low grade and fancy Northwest extra family at $10@11,50; Penna and Ohio family at $10,50@12,50, and $12@14 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells in small lots at $8,50@8,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 25,000 bus sold at $2,60 for choice red; $2,40@2,50 for fair to good do, $2,20@2,30 for common, and $2,60@2,90 ₱ bus for white, according to quality. Rye; 4000 bus sold at $1,60@1,65 for Penna, and $1,55@1,57 for Delaware. Corn; 40,000 bus new Penna and Delaware yellow at $1,12@1,16. Small lots of old do at $1,25@1,27, and 20,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,23@1,25 ₱ bus. About 20,000 bus sold at 72@76c ₱ bus, the latter rate for prime Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales o. 500 bbls of Pork at $20 for old and $22,50 for new, $18,50 for prime do, and $18 for prime. City packed mess Beef sells at $21@22. Dressed Hogs sell at 8½@9c ₱ lb. Bacon—Sales of hams at 15@16c; sides are taken in lots at 13@14c, and shoulders at 11½@12c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12½@13½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 9@9½c. Lard—Sales of 800 tcs and bbls at 13½@13¾c, and kegs at 14c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 35@35c, and roll at 30@32c ₱ lb. Cheese—Sales at 15¾c. Eggs sell at 32@33c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been moderately active. About 1000 bales of Middlings sold at 18@19¾c for Uplands, and 19@20¾c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

COAL—There has been very little doing. The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₱ ton for White Ash, and $4,40@4,75 for Red Ash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 9¾@10¾ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—800 head were disposed of at from 5@8½ cts ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $10,00 to 10,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ Whenever we find our temper ruffled towards a parent, a wife, a sister or a brother, we should pause and think that in a few months or years they will be in the spirit-land, watching over us; or, perchance we shall be there, watching over those left behind.

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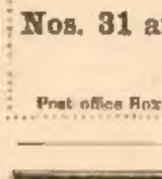

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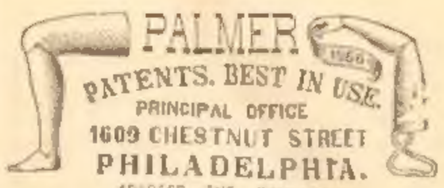

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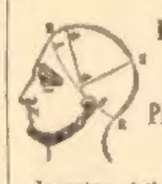

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Peddler vs. Constable.

A certain constable a short time since espied a tin peddler pursuing his trade, and like a pickerel after a minnow he rushed at him and inquired:

"Have you a license to sell?"

"No," coolly replied the itinerant vender of pots and *pans*, "I haven't."

"Well, sir, I'll attend to your case," says the Dogberry.

"All right," says the peddler, "do."

The eager official rushes off to the nearest trial justice and obtains a warrant, and armed and equipped with the awful document starts on a chase after the offending itinerant. After a long chase, the representative Yankee was found, and hustled before the justice, who read to him the warrant, and as a matter of form, of course, asked him whether he was guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," says the unabashed peddler.

The justice and constable opened wide their eyes to such contumacy. They had not been in the habit of seeing such.

"Not guilty," quoth the former, "don't you peddle goods around here?"

"Yes," replied the alleged culprit.

"Well, have you a license?" asked Rhadamanthus in "sarcastical" tones.

"Oh, yes," said the travelling agent.

"Why," said the justice—quite another expression coming over his countenance—"didn't you tell this gentleman that you had no license?"

"No, sir."

"Yes you did," shouted tipstaff.

"No I didn't," quietly replies the peddler.

"I say you did," vociferated the constable.

"I swear I didn't," still persists the peddler.

"Well, what did you tell me, then?"

"You asked if I had a license to sell, and I told you I hadn't; and I haven't a license to sell," continues the peddler, in an injured tone, "for I want to keep it to peddle with."

Couldn't Get the Right Flop.

In the year 1843, during the Millerite excitement in the usually quiet town of Durham, old "Aunt Sally H———," who would "weigh nigh on to two hundred pounds," got all ready to "go up," and one evening in meeting, in the midst of a warm season of exhortation, she arose and said,

"Oh, brethren and sisters, bless the Lord! I'll soon get away from this wicked world; I'm going to meet the Lord in a few days. My faith is powerful strong! Oh, yes, powerful strong it is! So strong," continued the old lady, extending her arms and motioning them like a goose on the wing, "that it does as if I could fly right away now and meet the Lord in the air."

The minister, who was as great an enthusiast on "going up" as the old lady, encouraged her by exclaiming,

"Try, sister, try! Perhaps you can fly, if your faith is only strong enough."

"Well, I can," she exclaimed, "I know I can, and I *will!*"

She was standing near a window which was raised because of the oppressive heat—for it was summer. With her handkerchief in one hand and her fan in the other, she mounted the seat, and thence to the top of the pew, and gave a leap into the air with a flying motion of her arms, expecting to ascend heavenward. But the law of gravitation was too much for both her faith and the *gravity* of the audience. Down she came with an enormous and no very angelic grunt, shaking the whole house with the concussion.

She arose, folded her wings, and with great meekness sneaked back into her seat, evidently disappointed.

The next evening some of the young folks asked her.

"Aunt Sally, why didn't you fly last night when you tried so hard?"

"I couldn't get the right flop on," was the meek and conclusive reply.

A Pretty Good Hint.

Everybody in Paris who passes time on the Boulevards, knows a certain jolly gentleman, one B———, who has a wonderful talent for imitation. He can mimic the air and voice of any one to perfection, and at the cafe which he frequents, he often "takes off" not only those who are present, but the proprietor of the cafe himself. This latter gentleman does not seem to have liked these humorous portraits, and all the more or less because B——— had a long bill on his books which he could not be induced to settle. One evening when Mr. B——— had outdone himself in a magnificent imitation of the landlord, the latter turned to him and said, mildly:

"Mr. B———, you imitate everybody here to perfection, excepting one particular character."

"And who is he?" cried B———.

"The man who pays his debts like a gentleman. Let's hear you 'go' like him."

AN INCONSOLABLE WIDOW.—The spouse of a recently deceased umbrella-vender, noted for his knack in "puttering up" damaged small wares, on meeting a beloved friend for the first time after her heavy loss, with a sudden outgush of tears and lamentations, threw her arms around the caller's neck—whose bosom was freighted with tender sympathy for the mourner—broken-heartedly exclaimed, "My dear, dear Marcus is lost to me forever—and oh, it seems as though I *must* die, when I think how nicely he always repaired my broken hoop-skirts."

A NEW READING.—In a boarding-school not far from Boston the rector was accustomed to require the smaller boys to read every evening before going to bed a chapter from the New Testament—each a verse. One of the boys, who prided himself on his elocutionary ability, and frequently neglected orthography for emphasis, had fall to him one evening the verse: "And Herod *laid* hold on John." Rising gracefully, and mistaking the *l* in the third word for an *s*, he thundered out: "And Herod *said*, hold on, John!"

AN ENGLISH SCENE.

Edwin and Angelina are under the impression that it is still "raining cats and dogs;" whereas the sun has been shining brightly for the last twenty minutes. Cabby's delight at this transcends all bounds.

The Chamber of Mystery.

An architect of Vienna having occasion to visit the country-house of a nobleman of that city, accepted the hospitable invitation he received, and determined to remain as a guest for several days.

The first day was passed in business, and he retired to bed somewhat exhausted, but his thoughts still occupied with the improvements in the house that were contemplated. He could see, however, that the room allotted to him was handsome and commodious, though not large. At length, he felt the necessity of sleep; but became conscious of an uneasy sensation, the nature of which he could not understand. He persuaded himself that the air was close—that he perceived a faint smell; and he lay for some time considering whether he was not suffering from fever. The question was speedily answered; for the bed seemed to move. Presently it was near the window. He was of course surprised and terrified; but when he stretched towards the window in order to ascertain that all was real, the scene grew dimmer and dimmer, and at length disappeared.

And no wonder; *for the bed was receding* to its old position—and did not stop there. He was presently at the door. He might have touched the panels with his hand. He would have got up to ring for assistance, but persuaded himself that he was too weak, and would fall down before reaching the bell.

The bed again moved; and this time it took up its position in the very middle of the fireplace. This was the sheer frenzy of fever, for the fireplace was of course not a fourth part of the size of the bed itself. Yet he saw distinctly the walls of the chimney surrounding him; and he even felt that one of the feet of the bed rested upon a dog-iron, so as to disturb its level.

But he had no time for more minute observation; for presently the bed, emerging from the chimney, began to rise with slow undulations towards the roof; and there it continued to swing, as he imagined, for hours together; till his alarm sank gradually into lassitude, and he fell into a deep, though short and unrefreshing slumber.

The next morning the visitor appeared at the breakfast-table, pale, wearied and dispirited. He was not well. What was the matter? What could be done for him?

"Nothing," he replied to all their interrogatories. He had not slept; but the air would revive him. He would take healthful exercise during the day, and that would be better than medicine.

It turned out as he expected. He recovered his spirits; he was delighted with his hosts, and they with him; and was thankful that he had been prevented by shame from mentioning the absurd fancies by which he had been beset during the night.

At the usual hour he retired again to bed, comfortable in mind and body, but feeling the want of sleep, and looking forward gratefully, by anticipation, to at least eight hours of sound repose.

He did not enjoy one. The same fever, the same fancies, the same inexplicable movements of the bed—these were his portion during the night; and in the morning the same dead eyes, the same colorless cheeks, the same listless attitudes, betrayed to his sympathizing friends that he had passed another wakeful and wretched night.

But he still preserved silence as to the details. He was thoroughly ashamed of his absurdity. The impressions of the first night had doubtless remained to scare him on the second. He had gone to bed thinking of his former sufferings, and they had been renewed in his imagination. In this way he accounted for the continued illusions that had perplexed him; and he determined, at a third trial, to grapple with them manfully, and compel repose by the aid of reason.

All this was unavailing; and on the third morning his entertainer, alarmed by his ghastly looks, determined to bring him to explanation.

"You can no longer conceal it," said he; "you have found something disagreeable in the room; and I reproach myself with having allowed you to be put into an apartment which certainly bears a bad name in the house."

"What do you mean by a bad name?" asked the guest.

"I mean that it is famous for its sleepless lodgers, for its waking dreams—and worse than that. There is not a servant in the house who would enter it alone after nightfall for a year's wages."

"That is all very well for the servants; but I know you laugh at these ignorant fancies; and you know me too well to suppose that I would treat them otherwise than with pity and contempt. Tell me at once what you believe; but first listen to a narrative of my adventures;" and the guest related to his host, at full length, the story of his three ill-omened nights.

"I cannot tell you what I believe," replied the latter, after musing for some time; "for, in point of fact, I do not know what to believe; but your experience tallies strangely with what I have heard on the subject before from more than one of my friends. I am more perplexed than ever."

It was agreed, however, on the proposal of the architect, that a minute examination of the premises should immediately take place, and the whole family proceeded in a body to the chamber of mystery.

The first thing that struck the examiner was, that the chimney was choked up with rubbish, so that no current of air could take place through a channel on which so much depends.

Proceeding to the window, he found it heavy and massive, and so completely bedded that no force could raise it. It appeared, on inquiry, *that this was its original* defect; that the servants had at length given up all attempts to move it; and that the woodwork had swollen so much, through the effect of damp, that the whole window, so far as the access of the external air was concerned, was merely a prolongation of the wall.

The door was in like manner found to be singularly heavy and close-fitting; and in addition, it was constructed so as to shut spontaneously the moment the person who entered removed his hand. In fact, the room, however elegant in appearance and furniture, was contrived throughout in the most elaborate manner, so as to be as unwholesome as possible.

Still this did not account for the illusions with which it was haunted, and the architect ascended to the external roof of the house.

Here he found that the apartment in question was covered by a massive work of tiles, wood and lime, so as to leave a small garret, into which there was no opening either by door or window. This, in its connection with the other circumstances we have described, proved to be the solution of the mystery; for mephitic gas, engendered in the garret, penetrating through the mouldy woodwork of the antique ceiling, into a place whence it found no egress, and where it could mingle only with foul air, was in reality the nocturnal spectre which haunted the room. The effect of this gas upon the brain, in exciting a temporary delirium, is well known; and in the present instance, the result of what was done to remedy the evil left no doubt.

The door and window were opened, the chimney was cleared, and two openings were made in the roof. During the last-mentioned operation, it is worthy to note that when the tools of the workmen penetrated for the first time into the garret, the mephitic vapor which escaped had such an effect upon one of them that he must have fallen from the roof had he not been caught hold of by his comrades.

After the alterations were made, the architect retired to bed for the fourth time, and enjoyed an excellent sleep, together with a great part of the arrears of the three preceding nights. From that moment the room lost its reputation as a chamber of mystery.

A PILLAR.—A good thing was got off during the last political campaign by a newspaper wag, who acted as secretary of a political meeting. The chairman happened to be a *medical* gentleman of some reputation, who had the ambition to be thought a man of political weight.

"Who is the presiding officer?" asked a thin little man of the secretary.

"Don't you know him?"

"No."

"What an ignoramus! Why, that's *Doctor* C——, one of the *pill*-ars of the party!"

☞ A committee, so says John Phœnix, waited on Joe Bowers when he was a candidate for the Legislature in California, and wanted him to state what his politics were. "Gentlemen," said Joseph, "I have none." "What! Mr. Bowers, no politics!" "No, gentlemen, not 'a blame politic!'" Joseph was not elected.

☞ Health is only another word for temperance and exercise.

AGRICULTURAL.

Selecting Cows.

"A Vermonter" gives the following as his rules for selecting a cow:—

"First I get a broadside view of the animal, at a distance of about two rods, as I have noticed for years that there was a great similarity in the general proportions of all first class milkers, being very small in girth just back of their forward legs, as compared with the girth just forward of their hips. I have never known a first-rate milker, of any breed, not thus proportioned; so that if this form is wanting in an animal I have recommended to me, I do not care to look at her more, unless I want a breeder for some other purpose than the dairy. For breeding *oxen* I should want a cow of reverse proportions, i. e., larger girth forward.

"I next feel the size of the 'milk veins,' and trace them to their entrance into the chest, which, in superior cows, are large, admitting the ball of the larger finger; if divided, or subdivided, as is sometimes the case, I judge of the size of each orifice, as I care less for the size of the vein itself than the orifice. Next, I examine, by sight and touch, the udder or bag, which must be capacious in order to hold much milk, with teats wide apart and free from large seed, warts or sores of any kind; I then inquire how long she goes dry before calving, as I don't want a family cow to give milk less than forty-six weeks out of every fifty-two; also as to the quality of the milk; and, to close, I milk her with my own hands."

Beet Sugar in Germany.

A German agricultural journal gives an interesting account of the beet sugar business in that country. Fields of beets of from two to three hundred acres are often seen there. The beets are drilled in rows about fifteen inches apart and the whole labor of cultivation performed by the hoe. The women and men work in gangs of twenty or more. The men get from sixteen to nineteen cents per day, and the women from thirteen to fifteen—working fourteen hours. The manufactories for this sugar are on a correspondingly large scale, some of them employing a thousand hands. The beets are brought from the field and elevated to the upper story of a high building, where they are cleaned, crushed and filtered, the juice descending from story to story, undergoing a refining process by the way till it reaches the lower one in the shape of a sugar cone two and a half feet in length. It is a very nice article, and worth, at the factory, about ten cents per pound. It takes eight days from the time of crushing the beets till the sugar is dried sufficiently for market. One of these establishments turned out six millions of pounds last year with the help of six hundred hands.

Items.

—The Paris Kentuckian says: "Mr. S. W. Tevebaugh, of this county, has shown us some singular grains of corn, in which *the grains are doubled, each grain having a* separate heart. He accidentally noticed a few grains as he was shelling his seed corn last year, which he planted, and they produced ears of corn with all the grains doubled."

—The reason why morning showers, followed by hot sun, are of so little value to the growing crops as compared with evening showers is, that in the one case the ammonia brought down is immediately returned to the atmosphere, while in the other it goes to the very roots and feeds the plants abundantly.

—Cranberry wine, taken internally and applied externally, is announced as a cure for scrofula. To make the wine, take the ripe berries, mash them in a mortar to a fine pulp, put into a stone jar, add one quart of water to two quarts of berries, stir it well, set away and let it stand a week; then strain it through cotton, and you have a beautiful wine, which with a little sugar, makes a wholesome drink, at once cooling and palatable. It does not ferment.

—The quality of the flour and wheat which is shipped to foreign ports is said to be superior to any ever exported, and will, of course, add to the reputation of and demand for American breadstuffs.

—In Knox county, Tenn., corn is selling at 25 cents per bushel. Near railroads or navigable waters it is selling, in that section, for 50 cents per bushel.

—In Canada most of their pork is fatted on peas, six bushels of which are equal to ten bushels of corn, and more can be grown from an acre than corn.

MILKING BEFORE CALVING.—A dairyman writes the Practical Farmer that the best cows he ever raised had to be milked several weeks before the period of calving. This practice was a preventive of garget, and tended to the general health of the animals. It sometimes happens that the udders of cows become greatly and painfully distended weeks before calving, and but few persons resort to the sensible practice of relieving them by milking. If this were practiced more there would probably be less complaint of garget than there now is.

☞ The Kansas papers state that several cases of poisoning have occurred in that state from parties eating buckwheat flour in which the seeds of the "jimpson" weed had been mixed and ground. The symptoms are intense thirst, followed by crying and laughing fits, in which the pupil of the eye becomes greatly dilated, and finally delirium sets in. No one has yet died with it, but several persons have been affected, and in one case a whole family of four was thus poisoned.

☞ Senator Sprague says that we have been boasting and bragging about our progress, and our immense superiority over all the rest of the world, while other nations have been quietly undermining us in every department of industry, until there is not a single article of American manufacture that enters into the world's consumption.

☞ One man rarely ridicules another in conversation with a woman, unless he happens to be jealous of him. He has too much *esprit du corps;* he does not like to admit the idea that a male biped can be ridiculous, he sees dimly the possibility of a similar position for himself.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 60 letters.

My 51, 2, 53, 15, 27, 35, 40, 17, 4, 46, is an English poet.

My 54, 40, 50, 19, 10, 7, 28, is one of Byron's poems.

My 18, 13, 3, 3, 8, 60, 30, 3, is a poet.

My 5, 39, 41, 37, 6, 58, is a new and decidedly interesting novel by 20, 25, 31, 24, 39, 23, 34, 51, 36, 3, 14.

My 1, 25, 3, 25, 12, 34, 7, 56, is the subject of a Shaksperian tragedy.

My 9, 13, 50, 26, 36, 40, is a novel by author of 21, a, 53, a, 28, 42, a.

My 33, 48, 44, 55, 3, 15, 40, 10, 16, 58, 23, 57, 3, was sung with great applause a few years ago.

My 22, 52, 43, 47, 29, 32, was a poet.

My 11, 31, 37, 3, 45, was a Scotch poet.

My 49, 38, 55, 59, 20, is the goddess of flowers.

My whole is a quotation from "Tam O'Shanter." SYDNEY SEYMOUR.

Metagram.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four feet are mine, which when you spell,
You'll find will please all tired folks well.
Change but my first, and when the blast
Goes sweeping cold and stormy past,
I shed a comfort o'er the gloom,
And cheer the peasant's humble home.
Change me again, on rocks I lie,
Or sport in waters rushing by.
I make an impress, treasures guard,
And many secrets hold in ward.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find three positive integral numbers, the difference of any two of which shall be a rational square.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a bad physician like an ill-tempered man? Ans.—Because he is apt to lose his patients.

☞ Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Ans.—Because he is no better.

☞ Why are young ladies given to blushing? Ans.—Because it's a *beconing red.*

☞ What herbs are the most desirable in hot weather? Ans.—*Sub-urbs.*

☞ When is an actor a good friend to another actor? Ans.—When he takes his part.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Oh! that will be joyful."

RIDDLE—*Plane.* (*Lane, pane, nap, pea, leap, Alp, peal, pen.*)

RECEIPTS.

ORANGE JELLY.—Take twelve sweet and juicy oranges and two lemons, ¾ lb. (or, if liked sweet, a little more) of loaf sugar. With some pieces of sugar rub off the rind of the lemons and two oranges. Dissolve a packet of gelatine with as much water mixed with a glass of sherry as is required; strain the orange and lemon juice through a muslin cloth inside a tammy into the pan; let the whole boil, and pour into a mould. It should be made a day before using.

YULE-TIDE CAKE.—Place a pound of fresh butter in a pan; keep it near the fire till melted: stir into it a pound of powdered loaf sugar, a good tablespoonful each of beaten allspice and cinnamon; by degrees put in the yolks of ten eggs and their whites separately whisked to a froth; add one pound of candied citron-peel sliced thin, two pounds of grocers' currants cleaned and dried, two ounces of blanched sweet almonds, a pound and a half of flour, and four ounces of brandy; mix all well together and bake it for three hours.

SAGO JELLY.—A teacupful of sago, boiled in three pints and a half of water till ready. When cold, add half a pint of raspberry syrup. Pour it into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and let it stand until it is sufficiently set to turn out well. When dished, pour a little cream round it, if preferred.

APPLE PIQUE.—Peel and stew some apples, but do not let them break. Place them in a glass dish half full of syrup, and put a piece of currant jelly on the top of each apple.

SAVOY CAKES.—Four eggs, six ounces of pounded sugar, the rind of one lemon, six ounces of flour. Break the eggs into a basin, separating the whites from the yolks; beat the yolks well, mix with them the pounded sugar and grated lemon-rind, and beat these ingredients together for quarter of an hour. Then dredge in the flour gradually, and when the whites of the eggs have been whisked to a solid froth, stir them to the flour, etc.; beat the mixture well for another five minutes, then draw it along in strips upon thick cartridge paper to the proper size of the biscuit, and bake them in rather a hot oven; but let them be carefully watched, as they are soon done, and a few seconds over the proper time will scorch and spoil them. These biscuits, or ladies'-fingers, as they are called, are used for making Charlotte russes, and for a variety of fancy sweet dishes.

FRENCH WAY OF DRESSING A SHOULDER OF VEAL.—Cut the veal into nice square pieces or mouthfuls, and parboil them. Put the bone and trimmings into another pot and stew them slowly a long time, in a very little water, to make the gravy. Then put the meat into the dish in which it is to go to table, and season it with a very little salt and cayenne pepper, the yellow rind of a large lemon grated, and some powdered mace and nutmeg. Add some bits of fresh butter rolled in flour, or some cold dripping of roast veal. Strain the gravy and pour it in. Set it in a hot oven, and bake it brown. When nearly done, add two glasses of white wine, and serve it up hot. Any piece of veal may be cooked in this way.